

# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1867.

NO. 28.

**Weymouth Gazette.**  
PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
**C. G. EASTERBROOK.**  
TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### CHARITY VERSUS SLIPPERS.

"Yes, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers." Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slippered feet, as they towered above me on the mantelpiece, could be supposed to constitute a listener. I think it is as well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes in our favorite American fashion, or indeed of "compromising in any way the dignity of a fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties with a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued, with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharged my yearly duties aright I have done so to-day, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is Charity.' I could preach feelingly on those words."

"Rubbish!" "El!" and I stared round the room; but nothing unusual met my gaze save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish, indeed!" I echoed, indignantly. "I wonder what can have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! Only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

"Non-ense!" There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower I perceived a little wreathed sprig in yellow attire, nodding and grinning at me from behind its white petals.

"Pray, Sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term 'non-ense'?"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again. "Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Even so, I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

"I felt myself rather hot. 'Perhaps you would favor me further with your opinions,' I retorted, with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk. Looking after her interests, and I don't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for 'Charity-ugh,' and he snatched his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued.

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F's, because they lived in a disreputable neighborhood, and could land to advantage the Church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to widow B, and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favor of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so unwell to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazaar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really, I stammered, with blushing consciousness, 'I could not forget my family.' 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; and Charity seeketh not its own—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. B. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why don't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really, I am quite exhausted with my day's work," and I looked wistfully at my slippers, and the said slippers, encasing my feet, looked placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N. and A., and L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas-day if you do not go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.

"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat, after writing your sermon. Think of L's little children, with no treat at all, not even the natural one of food! Go at once."

I thought of my own little happy

ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots, preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but a few minutes later, my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!

I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my fire, which had dwindled down to its last embers, and to my much-esteemed slippers, which last, toasting cozily on the rug, looking far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn-out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people.

"There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; not a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irishwoman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the peaks of my rose.

"So you are still there, my small mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommencing me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."

"Oh, indeed?" was the curt rejoinder. "Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back laughingly. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering, 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own while plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You were seeking peace."

"I!"

"Yes," "praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied, sharply, feeling all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact.

"Perhaps, if you were tired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon; and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not, I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room."

"Yes; they are preparing their Christmas tree for to-morrow."

"Why are your brother's children not with them?"

"My brother's children?" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years."

"Yes."

"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up? It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offended; and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied, sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intend preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you. That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"Charity thinketh no evil," says the book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"I am sure I suffered long."

"Charity beareth all things."

"Dear me, I am sure I have borne long."

"Well, but not forgivingly."

"Yes, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure you would frustrate my intention; he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"Charity hopeth all things."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Every thing, if you are wishing to practice the virtue."

Amused; "Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first and foremost, that said sermon on charity."

"Ah well; I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter so as a reconciliation is effected?"

"Did you never hear that 'procrastination is the thief of time?'"

"Well, I certainly cannot think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I don't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and boys trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet song rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart.

"On earth peace, good-will toward men."

Good-will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat, and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long-stranded brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour was passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of their new uncle.

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guests to be at our party.

"Your brother?" she said, greatly startled; "you don't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud loving look, "you are a saint!"

I knew it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least, I try to be," I said, as I reiterated my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small ones, are you satisfied?" This to the spirit in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you mean now?" I cried quizzically.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts, as those of a moment ago."

"El?"

"Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up."

A pang of remorse twined me, and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a fervent prayer for humility.

It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gambolling round the gift laden tree, but amidst all our glee the rude words of my little mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife to me late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

"Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up."

"She looked puzzled a moment. 'Well,' she said, 'It is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice.'"

"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher.

[For the Weymouth Gazette.]

**Description of the Allegorical Painting, by Brumida.**

WITHIN THE CANOPY OF THE ROTUNDA AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

To an American the Rotunda of the Capitol is replete with interest; he feels his heart beating within him as he treads the solid floor. Pictures and works in alto relieve crowd on the sight, and from them all come glimpses of proud historic teachings. Up still higher, above the painted iron canopies, which, like huge plates of overlying mail, approach the far-away roof, 180 feet, the fresco by Brumida arrests the gaze, as though the sky had opened, and it were permitted to look into the "beyond" clouds of gold, azure, and rose, seem hanging there, spanned by a rainbow, and floating among them, forms of exquisite beauty. Grand mythological figures, symbolizing force and progress, appear there too, titanic, majestic; almost appalling with their great significance. The calm glories of the great American dead also look down with eyes that seem living eyes, from out the mysterious dizzy height of the huge concave. The Dome consists of two shells of iron; an outer and an inside shell. The outer shell is pierced with openings.

Reflectors are so placed, that the admitted light falls full upon the inside of the Canopy, and illuminates the picture, at night, a circle of 425 gas jets (that

are ignited by electricity) surrounding the base of the Canopy, fills this portion of the Dome with light brighter than that of day.

A stairway winds up between the two shells, and views of the picture can be obtained at different heights, just beneath the base of the Canopy a railed gallery traverses the circuit of the Dome. There is also another gallery, considerably lower down, surrounding the Rotunda.

**CENTRAL GROUP OF THE PICTURE.**  
Washington, the Savior of his Country, apotheosized, appears seated in majesty. On his right is the Goddess of Liberty, and on his left is a winged idealization of Victory and Peace, sounding a trumpet, and in triumph displaying the victor's palm. Before the three, forming a semicircle, are thirteen female figures. The head of each is crowned with a star. They hold up a ribbon banner on which is inscribed, *E Pluribus Unum*. These figures represent the thirteen sister States of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina, and Rhode Island, the original British Colonies that fought, and bled, and conquered, winning freedom, and the right to sing and shout the glad "morning hymn" announcing the coming dawn of man's Millennium Day. The coloring of the drapery, the forms, and the attitudes, of these figures, and the leaves and blossoms entwined in their hair, broken the States they represent. The subdued delicate green of the Northern States changes to brighter and deeper tints, until they warm into golden hues. There is symbolized the grass and maize of the North, the wheat of the West, the Tobacco of the Middle States, and the cotton of the South.

Signor Brumida, in his grouping of the States, has limited them together geographically, and not according to the order in which they adopted the Federal Constitution. The figure on the extreme left of Washington represents New Hampshire, then in semicircular sweep succeed Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Below this center group are six other, surrounding the base of the Canopy. The first occupying the West is

**WAR.**

Freedom, terrible in vengeance, with upraised sword, is striking down Tyranny and Kingly Power. They are overcome, and fleeing from her wrath in dismay; with them is anger, and also revenge and discord bearing the incendiary torch. An angry Eagle striking with his beak, is fighting for, and by the side of Freedom. The second, is Agriculture. This conception, in all its details, is only beautiful, as the other is sublime in its exhibition of destructive power.

Ceres, the Goddess of Harvests and the fields, with the Horn of Plenty, is in the center. Young America, with Liberty Cap, of red, the bonnet rouge of France, having under his control a pair of vigorous horses hitched to an American Reaper, in conscious pride is exhibiting his skill. The background is a luxuriant mass of prolific American vegetation. Flora is gathering flowers, and a lingering near, is a child. Beyond is Pomona with a basket of fruit. Then, succeeds, Mechanics. Vulcan, the old stalwart Fabul Cain of Grecian mythology, is the colossal genius of this group. His right foot rests on a cannon. Machinery, forges, mortars, and cannon balls, strewn around, remind us of forging thunder bolts, as well as of combat with, and victory over, the giant forces of nature, and making them subservient to human will, and purposes.

The next, and occupying the east is Commerce.

Mercury, the Protector of Travellers and Merchants, holds in his hand a bag of gold, to which he is directing the attention of Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. It was he who guided to a successful issue the entangled pecuniary embarrassment of our country in its struggle for independence. Ah! for himself, he died a bankrupt, and in confinement for debt. Boxes of merchandise, and bales of goods, with men at work among them, are to be seen. Two sailors point to a gunboat in the distance. The group beside this symbolizes the

**MARINE.**

Nepenthe, in marine state, bearing his trident, in his car, accompanied by his character and attendants, is emerging astonished from the deep. The beautiful Aphrodite, (Venus), born of the sea foam, half risen from the waves, holds in her hand the Atlantic cable, given her by a winged cherub, and is about dropping

it into the sea. The last is

**THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.**

Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, stands gloriously prominent, with helmet and spear, as she springs, full grown, from the brain of Jupiter. In meek attitudes, but with glowing faces, attentive to her teachings, are Benjamin Franklin, Printer and Philosopher, Robert Fulton, of Steamboat renown, and S. B. F. Morse, the generally acknowledged inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph.

There are also boys, with wondering eyes, and expressive gestures, listening to the instructions of a school teacher.

This painting covers an area of 4664 square feet. The circumference of the base of the Canopy is 265 feet, 4 inches; its diameter is 65 feet, 4 inches, and its height from base to top, in a straight line, is 20 feet, 7 1/4 inches. (These dimensions were obtained at the office of Edward Clark, Esq., present Architect of the Capitol Extension, and the new Dome, a pupil of the designer and former Architect, Thomas U. Walter, Esq.)

An art critic has remarked of this fresco: "That, whether considered as regards the conceptions of the artist, the perfection of coloring and drawing, the faultless grouping, or the peculiar characteristics that adapt it to the concave surface on which it is painted, and to the great distance from which it must be viewed, the picture is a masterpiece of art. In fore-shortening, coloring, and proportion, its position has required the study of effects to be produced at an altitude of nearly two hundred feet, and Mr. Brumida, in addition to his power of genius, has been obliged to bring into requisition the learning and mature study of the highest schools of art."

**COST OF THE PICTURE, ETC.**

The amount of appropriation made for this fresco picture was forty thousand dollars. The preparation of the plaster ground work for the artist, requiring the most careful judgment, was the work of Mr. Joseph Beckert, who also prepared the wall for Brumida's picture of Western Emigration above the western stairway leading to the gallery of the Hall of the House of Representatives. The wall preparations for these two pictures was, however, very different one being for a fresco and the other for a painting in stucco.

The stairway still continues its ascent above the picture, and traverses the top of the Canopy, between the two shells, until it reaches the lantern at top of the Dome. Around the base of the Lantern, outside the Dome, is a circular railed gallery, or promenade, from which is a view, on all sides so magnificent, that it will never be forgotten by any who have climbed the height. No visitor to the Federal City should fail to avoid himself of the privilege of making the ascent, which, though long and wearisome, is unattended with danger.

[For the Gazette.]

**SHERIDAN AND LIBERTY.**

**TEXT:—"Hail to the Chief."**

Hail to the chief who so bravely defended the flag of a country and traitors defied. Welcome the man who for justice contended. The firm and the fearless, who trusted and tried the woe-worn welcome ring.

Banners with motto bring, Sheridan and Liberty—let it go round. 'Tis a brave nation's cheer, Then let it be ever yours, Sheridan, our champion, the faithful and sound.

Bring forth his banner—the blood stained and tattered, It never was trailed in the dust by the foe; Before the legions of tyrants were scattered, The flag of rebellion in ashes laid low.

Cheers for the gallant one, Liberty's heroic son, Shout till the nation in chorus shall wake: Both with the heart and hand, And shout like a brother band.

Give him the welcome that none can mistake, Sheridan, our champion, in honor we meet thee. Long may you live in your country's esteem; Soldiers and citizens heartily greet thee, And woman's bright eyes, too, with gratitude beam.

Here our brave fathers fought, Tyrants a lesser taught, Guarding the banner that floats without stain; Here while we welcome thee, Soldier of Liberty, Rocks the old Cradle of Freedom again.

Weymouth, Oct. 18, 1867.

**AN EGG OF AN EXTINCT BIRD.**—M. Granddier has presented to the French Academy an egg of the remarkably extinct bird, the *Epiornis of Madagascar*. Having lately returned from the island, he says the eggs of the *Epiornis* are found on a plain at one side of the island, and at a height of several metres above the sea level. Strange that though numerous eggs have been discovered, the bones of this creature are rarely found.

**LET EVERY MAN BE READY.** We call for patriots—now's the hour, Let every man be ready, And let us see who looks the poorest, The drunken or the steady.

I heard a son of Erin say, He loved his glass of raw gin, But he would throw the glass away, To help his loved Erin.

That Erin still her chains must drag, And Liberty's banner hoist, Until she raised the lamp banner, When victory would crown her.

To set his native country free, He waves his right to fiddle, And even the glorious liberty, To waltz in a poodle.

Can't Yankee do as much or more, Give up their drums and whistles, Their brains smash and whiskey score, To break a nation's fetters?

For him last made more slaves by far, Than all the Southern count, And all our loss by rebel war, To less distress amount.

King Alcohol, the cunning knave, Knows how to fix his tackle, And makes his poor benighted slaves Content to wear his shackles.

But shall a tyrant's minions sway, The land by patriots guarded? The shield of freedom rear away, The blessing heaven availed?

No! every man of sense must know, Or know his rights to fiddle, True freedom has no greater foe, Than lawless, drunken freedom.

Then do your duty, prompt and fair, Sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, In answer to the earnest prayer, Of daughters, wives and mothers.

Come all who would your country free, From all that can enslave her, One effort more for liberty, One struggle more to save her.

Weymouth, Oct. 18, 1867.

**VINELAND, N. J.**

Mr. Editor:—Having had occasion of late to visit Vineyard, N. J., and understanding that some of the good people of Weymouth intend establishing a permanent home in that beautiful rural town, I will give a brief outline of the place, although unable to portray its loveliness in words of eloquence. Within six short years cut out from a dense forest, streets, parks and avenues appear as if touched by a magic wand. Numerous elegant dwellings have been erected, with churches and schoolhouses, while manufacturing of different kinds are in active operation. Farming lands are exquisitely laid out, and under a high state of cultivation. The soil being light and loamy, it is especially adapted to fruit and vine growing. On the surface of the soil there appears a fine white sand, resembling that found on our Atlantic beaches, and it is thought that at some remote period the waters of Cape May had covered it and had gradually receded.

There are people here from all parts of the United States, and still more are coming. They are mostly, if not altogether, an intelligent and enterprising people. Having had the pleasure of attending their Agricultural, Horticultural and Floral Fair, I could speak in glowing terms of the wondrous development of Vineyard, but time will not permit.

Mr. Charles K. Landis, lawyer by profession, and the founder of this township, resides in the place, and is esteemed very highly by the people. At some not far distant day, Vineyard is destined to become a beautiful city. H. M. T.

**HAMMONTON, N. J.**

Mr. Editor:—I once promised you a description of Hammonton, N. J., and proceed to fulfill it. It is situated in New Jersey, on the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, nearly 30 miles south of Philadelphia, and is made up principally of staunch New Englanders, from every walk in life. You might think yourself in some thriving New England town, with its white houses and neat churches. The place has been settled only some nine years, and the first settlers found it a wilderness, and were obliged to clear up the land, get out the stumps, and prepare it for the plough. The land is very level and easily tilled, and the farms which greet you on every side are very beautiful. What would you think of 10 acres of strawberries, 6 of blackberries, and as many of grape vines, with corn, wheat, and other crops in proportion, on a single farm? On some farms there are nearly a thousand trees, principally pears and peaches. Sweet potatoes are sprouted in hot beds, and transplanted to the field. They grow like squash vines, and run all over the ground. They are planted in raised hills, which have to be prepared for the sprouts, and come to maturity about the first of September, when they are carefully dug up and sent to the principal cities of the North. The crop is from 200 to 500 bushels an acre, and the potatoes bring about 86 per barrel, so you see that it is an important crop. The first crop attended to is the strawberry about the first of June. They begin to pick as soon as the dew is off in the morning, the cars are loaded in the afternoon, and next morning they are in New York.

**TRAVELLER.**

**BASE BALL REMINISCENCE.**

BY PLAIN SPOKEN ISAAC.

I think it was in the fall of '61, when everything else was rising, that I returned from the Eldorado of America, stopping on my way home at a town in the Western Naticus state, to get my doctor Dorothy.

The next day after my arrival, Dorothy sed to me, "Now, pa, you will go over to the Green with me and see the match game of base ball this afternoon, won't you?"

"Well, said I, sociu I'm visitin, and that the women folks wont want me laughin round in their wa, I'll go."

We found several thousand spectators round the green, and scattered over it wir 18 or 20 claps who acted more like innjus than any beins I had seen since leavin Californi. I left my dorter with sum boon companions, and seated myself by the side of a stranger, on a fence.

Seem I was a stranger to the game, he very kindly explained the game to me while it progressed. As the players went thro with their gyrations my admiration waxed more and more, till my mind backslid, poetically, to my first infant geography, prefaced by the butiful him, commensin,

The world is round, and, like a ball, Seems battled thro the sky; Sun, moon and stars are fielders all, While comets goit 'on the fly."

Just at this pinta a young chap stept up and wanted to ug if I didnt want to bet my pile on the Molegams, as tha wir 10 abed of the Repnats—he bein willin to bet on the latter and give me the inside track. I told him I want particular as to which tribe got licked, and he searched elsewhere for a victim.

"Rather hard ticket, sed I to my stranger companion.

"You misink, he replied; that's Dea Trago's son Charles. The Deacon loves mainly sports, and attends all the games. His son is just at the eccentric period of life, or, as the Dea expresses, and excuses it at the same breath—he is sowing his wild oats now, and will settle down steady as a clock, by and by." I may as well tell you, seem you wouldnt bet—Charley knows what he's about: the Molegams have agreed to let the Popobeat, and Charley, bein in the secret, is sure to win. Win or lose, he's all right—his father is rich, and, besides, Charley is courtin Dorothy Jane, dorter of a Mr. Lane, who has made a pile of dust out in Californi, and is expected home by every steamer, when it is rumored, the old gentleman's consent will be obtained, and the happy pair sail smoothly over life's silver sea.

"Indeed! I exclaimed, "Things are different from what tha wir when I was a boy, put out to Dea Jones, in the old Bay State, and when the hill front of Dea J's was covered with birches, the eccentricities of which you speak didnt go unnoticed then. The Dea held firm hold of the gospel plow, and didnt allow youngsters to drop any wild oats in the turo behind him."

That night, as I was sittin by the table, reedin an account of the game in the daily, a young man entered, and Dorothy rose to introduce him. I interrupted her with, "I believe I've seen the gentleman before; upon which he suddenly remembered forgettin to stop at the P. O. for the mail, and vanished like chain lightning.

Near eighty moons have waxed and waned since then, and still my dorters name remains Dorothy Jane Lane. To be sure Im an indulgent parent, and am willin Dorothy should liv an old maid, at my expense, if she chooses, in connection with the force of circumstances, to do so. Still, I hav the commendable desire, common with fathers, (especially those blessed with 12 dorters) to see their children well settled in life.

Taken all in all, that was the basest ball I ever experienced. It was first, and last, with me. But I hear it is much improved since. I hav a nephew whose business is playin base ball. He gets his livin by judicious bettin.



THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1887.

## THE ELECTION.

Many citizens of Weymouth were surprised Monday evening by the announcement that the Republican candidates for representatives to the Legislature had been defeated by Republicans. Those who were conversant with the secrets of the P. L. L. organization predicted this result, and their success on election day proves that they had faithfully counted noses. The preliminary canvases were very fully attended, that of the Republican party being held on Friday evening, at which Col. James L. Bates presided, and Augustus J. Richards was appointed Secretary. Several gentlemen urged the claims of different candidates for nomination, and when the balloting commenced for the south part of the town there was found to be two tickets with the names of J. M. Whitcomb and Dea. Josiah Reed. 357 votes were thrown, of which Dea. Reed had 235, and J. M. Whitcomb 119, with 3 scattering, and the nomination of Mr. R. was then made unanimous. On the ballot for a candidate from the north part of the town there was considerable rivalry, and five candidates were in the field. The first ballot stood, M. C. Dizer 138, D. C. Earle 25, James Humphrey 107, Elias Richards 37, G. W. Fay 71. Necessary to a choice, 190. Mr. Richards then withdrew his name, and a second ballot was taken, with the following result: Whole number 587. Necessary to a choice 194. M. C. Dizer had 183, J. C. Earle 142, G. W. Fay 58, D. C. Earle 2. Dr. Fay withdrew his name, and a third ballot resulted in the nomination of Mr. Dizer, who had 197 of the 367 votes cast, to 102 for James Humphrey and 3 for D. C. Earle. On motion of Mr. Humphrey the nomination was made unanimous.

The two nominees were then ushered to the platform and made brief remarks pledging themselves, if elected, to do all in their power to forward the principles which they represented, and the caucus was then dissolved.

On Saturday evening the Democrats and License Republicans of the P. L. L. order, held their caucus at the town hall. As matters had all been arranged beforehand in the secret councils of the above organization, unbroken harmony marked the doings of the caucus, and the nominations of Messrs. Henry Newton, for the north, and Alvah Raymond, Jr., for the south part of the town, were made unanimous. The general expression of opinion was confidence in their ability to elect the nominees, and without further action the caucus was then dissolved.

Tuesday was a lively day throughout the town, and a heavy vote was thrown. At noon it was found by the count that P. L. L. had the inside track, through the disaffection of many Republicans, who had mangled the regular ticket and associated the names of Bullock and other candidates with the opposing nomination for Senator and Representatives. The vote, as announced at the closing of the polls, stood as follows:

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor, Alexander H. Bullock of Worcester, 755.  
For Lieutenant Governor, William Chaffin of Newton, 759.  
For Secretary of State, Oliver Warner of Northampton, 762.  
For Auditor, Henry S. Briggs of Pittsfield, 761.

For Treasurer and Receiver General, Jacob H. Lord of Plymouth, 761.  
For Attorney General, Charles Allen of Boston, 761.

For County Treasurer, Chas. C. Churchill of Dedham, 1158.  
For County Commissioner, Joseph M. Churchill of Milton, 1200.

For Register of Deeds, James Ford of Dedham, 1162.  
For Councilor, District 2, Charles Endicott of Canton, 686.

For Senator, Norfolk and Plymouth District, Francis A. Hobart of Braintree, 673.

For Representatives to General Court, District No. 8, Norfolk county, Josiah Reed 612; Marshall C. Dizer 600.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor, John Quincy Adams, of Quincy, 695.

For Lieutenant Governor, George M. Stearns of Chelsea, 701.

For Secretary of the Commonwealth, Charles Brimbleton of Barn, 701.

For Treasurer and Receiver General, Harvey Arnold of Adams, 701.

For Auditor, Arthur F. Devereux of Roxbury, 701.

For Attorney General, William C. Endicott of Salem, 701.

For Councilor, Second District, Jeffery R. Brackett of Quincy, 772.

For Register of Deeds, and County Treasurer, the vote was thrown for the Republican candidates, and is counted in above.

For County Commissioner, Nathaniel F. Safford of Dorchester, 241.

For Senator, Plymouth and Norfolk District, Edward Avery of Braintree, 753.

For Representatives, Eighth District, Alvah Raymond, Jr. 790; Henry Newton 765.

The demonstrations of the victors on Tuesday evening were of a very hilarious nature, and congratulatory meetings were numerous. The candidates were called upon by parties of their supporters, who were cordially received and hospitably entertained.

From the returns throughout the State it is manifest that Republicans abandoned their party to secure a modification of the prohibitory law or the enactment of a license law. The Republican vote for Governor shows an increase over last year. Mr. Adams receiving a good share of his support from P. L. L. Republicans. The General Court will comprise a sufficient number of anti-prohibitionists in both houses to secure a repeal of the present law, overthrow the State constabulary force, and sweep away all the results of the temperance legislation which has prevailed for many years. Some of the temperance men in this vicinity are confident that the victors will fight so vigorously over the bone they have so long desired to pick, that they will be unable to reach any effective measures this winter; but there is hope for the triumphant party, others believe, in the influence of the "principal liquor dealers" of the State, who will use every means in their power to place a license law upon our statute books.

The Representatives elected from this vicinity are Edward Avery for Braintree, J. Q. Adams for Quincy, Daniel Howard for Randolph, John Manson for Cohasset and Scituate, David Cushing for Hingham and Hull, D. W. Wilcutt for South Scituate, Hanover and Hanson, Walter R. Studley and Dan Packard for Abington—all license men.

All the Councilors, Senators, and Representatives elected in Norfolk county are license men, with a solitary exception, the member from Dist. 13, Franklin and Bellingham.

The vote for Governor in the State is for Bullock 95,589, Adams 68,862. Last year it stood 79,142 to 23,926, indicating a large increase of the Democratic force.

The Senators elect foot up 29 license, 7 prohibition—the latter being 1 from Middlesex, 1 from Worcester, 3 from Bristol, 2 from Barnstable, Nantucket and Dukes. The Representatives stand 118 in favor of a license to 39 for prohibition, 51 license men being Democrats. The State is overwhelmingly license.

Mr. Editor:—I still live. The man that was shot at through your columns last week by a would-be gentleman styling himself the second nine of the Excelsior Club of Weymouth, is not dead, but will speak in defence of the honor of Liberty Square Club. We were accused by him of not being gentlemen because we would not accept of an insulting challenge. I should probably not have been able to reply to that article had not his powder flashed in the pan. We think that he had no shot in his gun, as we shall attempt to prove by drawing out the charge. In the first place, what constitutes a gentleman? We make no professions, but prefer to act the gentleman's part. He accused us of placing some of our best players of the first nine in our second, to play a match game. There was no necessity of that, and the statement was utterly false. The nine that we played was the second nine of the Liberty Square Club. He does not say how many of the first of the Excelsiors played in the second nine, neither do we wish to know. The first game was played upon our grounds, and they went off not only victorious, but with a good deal of style. Was that the part of gentlemen? If it was the first time, we might have overlooked it. We knew the cause of our defeat, and instead of crying baby we chose to prove it by our skill.

The second game was played on their ground, in which we were victorious. They then began to whine and complain that they had to play against part of our first nine. Nothing but victory, fair or foul, would satisfy them. The next game that we played was a match game between the first nines of both clubs, upon the Fair grounds, for a prize. The game was called upon the sixth inning, by the umpire, the score standing in favor of the Liberty Square club. What then? Why, we bought the umpire!—when the truth was, we paid the umpire three dollars for his services, without his even receiving a thank you from the Excelsior club. They never offered to pay the umpire in any game played with the Liberty Square club. What constitutes a gentleman?

We next hear from them, by outsiders, that they wished to play a match game for \$500. One of their nine came up to ascertain if our club would put up from \$50 to \$150, but we took no notice of that, for it is contrary to the rules of base ball playing to bet. To vent their spite, we next hear from them by a challenge to play their second nine against our first, which we received as an insult, as it was intended.

If these facts are not sufficient, we will send each of the nine a shot from THE MAN THAT WAS HIT.

P. S.—The Mechanics will furnish you with Excelsior powder. Take good aim and hit him where you missed him last time.

**TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.**  
The sixteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, just published, gives an elaborate account of the doings of the society for the year, and presents a lengthy array of facts interesting to the friends of temperance. The amount of money collected for expenses was \$15,882.66, of which \$14,967.68 has been expended. Of the six thousand contributors not one was in favor of a repeal of the prohibitory law. The report says that the license men caused an unnecessary expense to the State of seventy-five thousand dollars, and they occasioned quite as large an expense to us, in proportion to our means. We are happy to record that the Grand Lodge of Good Templars contributed \$300 towards defraying the expenses of our efforts in the Legislature.

The Alliance fellowships the several temperance organizations in the State, the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Temple of Honor, and Bands of Hope, and works harmoniously with them. Never had these several organizations been more active than during the past year. The two former have had several efficient lecturers in the field, to arouse the people and organize societies. There are now 117 Divisions in the State with a membership of 20,000. The Good Templars number 258 Lodges, with 28,000 members. The Temple of Honor numbers 27 Temples, and about 5,000 members. The temperance meetings held by all the known temperance societies in this State within a year, number more than twenty-seven thousand—equal to one-half the number of prayer meetings observed by all the churches. Not less than two thousand lectures and addresses upon temperance have been given within a year in Massachusetts. The last report of our State Board of Charities says of the prisoners in the Commonwealth: "About two-thirds are set down as intemperate, but this number is known to be too small. Probably more than 80 per cent. come within this class—Intemperance being the chief occasion of crime, as it is of Pauperism, and in a less degree, of Insanity."

Referring to the action of some of the clergy concerning the license question, the report says: "We would not be understood to intimate, that there are no advocates of license among the members of our churches; for this would not be true. There are such advocates; and so there are in the church advocates of slavery, theatre-going, wine-drinking, and many other things which the great body of Christians condemn. It must be confessed that here is an obstacle to the temperance cause that ought not to exist. It arises, however, more from thoughtlessness than reflection, we think, and is generally an unwitting compromise of the truth. A class of such facts we will enumerate—Wine-bibbling superintendents of Sabbath schools, of whom there are several in the State. Wine-bibbling teachers in the Sabbath school—a very common thing in our cities and large towns. Gentlemen of the legal profession defending rum-sellers, at the same time that they are members of churches. Deacons advocating moderate drinking and the licensed sale of strong drink. Several instances are known to us in the Commonwealth. Clergymen sipping wine in the social circle or the public gathering. A few such cases are known. Professed Christians voting for a license law, with liquor-dealers, in the Legislature. A prominent church, now publicly advocating the cause of the liquor-dealers for pay. Church-members, in our cities especially, joining hands with the vicious classes to secure the legalized sale of liquors. Benevolent societies, representing the highest and most spiritual idea of Christian work, putting on their boards of officers men who practice moderate drinking, or advocate the licensed sale of liquors. Christian men becoming proprietors and editors of secular papers that advocate licensing the traffic, and ridicule temperance measures. Christian men renting buildings in which the liquor traffic is allowed to be carried on. Religious bodies, as conferences, Christian conventions, &c., electing to prominent positions men who are directly or indirectly identified with the foes of temperance.

**Fire Engine Matters.**—In accordance with announcement last week a meeting was held in Binney's Hall last Thursday evening, to form a company for the "Amazon." About 60 members were obtained, and the engine is being put in complete order. It was expected that a trial of the two engines would take place Tuesday last, but owing to the old tub not being ready for playing, the Union had no competitor in the trial that day. The engine played a stream which measured 193 1-2 feet, on the grounds of Edward Avery, Esq.

Mechanics from the city have been putting the Amazon in complete order, and at a trial today the engine threw a stream of nearly 150 feet.

A company of youths have bought a "machine" used by Mr. Samuel Burrell for cleaning carriages, and christened it "Hudson No. 3." They "sprayed" last Wednesday evening, the rope being managed by some 20 lads.

**Real Estate.**—Geo. W. White, Jr., has sold his estate on Washington street, being the dwelling recently damaged by fire, to Dr. E. L. Warren, who is putting it in thorough repair.

The frame of the store building on the Tufts estate, has been raised, and the work is being pushed forward to completion. A well has been sunk on the premises by the new method of driving iron pipes into the ground, and a good supply of water obtained.

It should have been stated, in the notice of a surgical operation last week, that it was performed by Dr. Fay, who has since removed a cancer from a lady at Lovell's Corner, and she is now doing well.

Intemperance's black writing ink, which is for sale at A. S. White & Co's., is a fine article for business purposes, is not injured by freezing, flows free, and warranted to write a page of letter size with one dip of the pen. Those in want of ink would do well to give it a trial.

A couple belonging in Braintree were recently married by a clergyman of this town and rumor says it was afterwards discovered that the bridegroom had once before gone through the same ceremony, and had a wife and child in Europe. A legal inquiry, we learn, is being made.

A temperance lecture was delivered on Sunday evening last, in Lincoln Hall, by Mr. Balch, to a crowded audience. The lecture was of a very interesting character, and the speaker eloquently urged upon his hearers the importance of sustaining the prohibitory statute.

Rev. G. Cole of this town lectured on the same subject in Loring Hall, Hingham, on Sunday evening, and in Temperance Hall, at Binney's Corner, the following evening, at the request of Phoenix Division No. 8 of T. The lectures gave general satisfaction, and were attended by large audiences.

The sudden death of ex-Governor Andrew last week was appropriately noticed in the Republican caucus last Friday evening, a committee being appointed to cause the various church bells to be tolled on Saturday, the day of the funeral, from 12 M. till 1 P. M.

John A. Andrew will ever live in the history of the country as the patriot whose sagacity and prompt action saved the capital and the stronghold of Fort Moultrie from capture by the rebels, and his unwearied devotion to the cause of the Union probably hastened the disease which so suddenly closed his earthly career and deprived the State of one of its brightest ornaments.

## NORTH WEYMOUTH.

There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of the Democrats of Weymouth at Webster Hall, on Wednesday evening, called together for the purpose of congratulating and rejoicing over the late victory in the town and State.

The meeting was called to order by Noble Morse, Esq., and organized with A. P. Nash as President, Erastus Newton, N. E. Hollis of Braintree, William Teibon, Capt. Ed. Reed of Abington, David Cushing, Demerick Marble of Hingham, and Leonard B. Tirrell, Henry Vining, L. H. Lord, Nathan Saulsbury, A. J. Randall, and Cornelius Robins of Weymouth, Vice Presidents, and C. G. Jones, Sec., and opened by the band with the "Star Spangled Banner." The president, Mr. Nash, then followed with a few eloquent and spirited remarks, after which A. T. Pratt, Esq. of Braintree, was introduced, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter with a speech which was as full of logical facts as it was of wit and humor.

Our Representative elect, Henry Newton, Esq., was then introduced, and in a brief speech thanked the gentlemen present for their support, and pledged himself to work for them honestly and fairly. All who know Mr. Newton are satisfied he will do so.

The whole company then repaired to the hall above and partook of the bountiful hospitality of Mr. Newton, and after a half hour spent at the loaded tables, the meeting was again called to order to listen to the remarks of John Q. Adams, Esq., who entered the hall looking like anything but a defeated candidate. Mr. Adams spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be so well supported by the towns adjoining Quincy, where he was so well known, and rejoiced with them that the work was so well done in Weymouth.

Mr. Adams was followed by Alvah Raymond, Jr., Esq., our Representative elect, of North Weymouth, and Messrs. Underwood, Lord, Tirrell, Pratt, French, Clark, Spinney, and others.

The exercises were varied with fine selections by the band, songs, &c., by gentlemen from various parts of the town. At a late hour the company separated, all well satisfied with the feast of good things and good words.

C. G. J.

**Religious.**—A religious interest is prevailing in the Methodist church at East Weymouth. On Sunday last about thirty members were received into the church, and the interest is increasing.

**Real Estate.**—Geo. W. White, Jr., has sold his estate on Washington street, being the dwelling recently damaged by fire, to Dr. E. L. Warren, who is putting it in thorough repair.

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## WOMAN'S RIGHTS, OR EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

It was an oversight in the councils of our four fathers, when they wisely remarked "that men are born free and equal"—that "to the women" was not added. A grate man, in our day, trying to make out that men not only equal to the women, but three superiors—that man, born of a woman, is better than his mother, and has rites his mother never had. This most men that angry after this fashion, i. e., that an inferior article can bring forth a superior wum, kontra to the old said that "like produces like."

On this subject I have a few words to say. No wum denies that Eve was Adam's helpmate, or that she knewed under difficulties, or that she knowed sumthin, at wum time, that Adam hadn't learned, as yet. Jezebel put Abah, so to speke, as well as Naboth, in the shade, a gettin vineyards. History is sacred to the memory of such kasis. As mothers and nussis, women law always excelled. I am willin to admit that a man's mother is a good deal better woman than he is. From 16 to 25 years of age women kaint be beat for courin purposes. I'd rather spark wum gal, of a Sunday night, than a dozen men. As dress makers women have ever held undisputed swa. At the wash tub, that is, in sum localities, women excel; in other localities they excel as to dress in parlor sofas and peanantable stools. I live in a place where awl these localities are kumined; ni wife, Polly Ann, now in her 61st year, excels at the wash tub, while ni darters do the parlor ornamentin.

Women r orators bi natur. There tounes never time. So celebratid hay that bekum as kartin leeturers, and so grate is the demand for um, that I hay hurd of their being "engaged" five years beforehand.

As manufactories and dispensatories of news, women stand preminent. Bein well aware of this, the feelin is universal among um that a wife has a more press in claim to her husband's time, evenin, than the daily paper has.

Women have an undoubted right to git up cold winter mornins and build the fire, to milk the cows, feed the pigs, ride horse to plow, and to do manly other things which the girally neglect. Why dnt dnt insist upon havin the rights guaranteed um bi law, is wum of the misteries of human natur. Eve didn't think much about votin. It wouldn't hay amounted to much if she had bin a legal votery in dispuid pints 'twould a bin a tie vote, and nothin could a bin dnt. However, I hay no doubt that if the ballot had bin the forbidden fruit she would hay haunkered arter it.

The ballot box is hung up on the tree of Liberry, but on the outer border of Uncle Sammel's garden, under the fence, the old sapnt has wigged his tail, and women are forbul to vote. Still the women are lookin up into the tree, with the idee of puttin on breeches and shinin up it. The lins bein bi, the men are called upon to boot it.

## PLAIN SPOKEN LAXX.

A concert was given in the vestry of the Methodist church, East Weymouth, on Wednesday evening last, for the benefit of Master Morton Hamilton, who was recently injured by the accident in Nathan Pratt's store. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Alpheus Bates, and the vocal and instrumental performance was well sustained by Miss Fannie Burrell, Miss Carrie Farren, and others. The entertainment was very creditable to the club, it being their first appearance, and gave promise of their future success. The singing by a little girl of infant years, daughter of the director, was generally admired. The vestry was crowded, the net proceeds being \$132, which, through the generosity of the musical club, who paid all the expenses of the concert in addition to providing the entertainment for the audience, will be devoted to the benefit of the object of this charity.

**Marriages and Deaths.**  
**MARRIAGES.**  
In this town, Nov. 4th, by Rev. Gideon Cole, both of Quincy.  
Mr. Hiram P. Abbott to Miss Carrie E. Snell, Braintree, Oct. 21, by Rev. Mr. Russell, Mr. Geo. W. Howard of Randolph, to Miss Anna L. Steel, of B.

**DIED.**  
In Weymouth, Oct. 28, Rebecca, wife of Stephen Lacey, of Plymouth, aged 67 yrs. 6 mos. 2 days.  
In South Weymouth, Nov. 1, James Hogan, aged 72 yrs. 10 mos. 10 days.  
In Quincy, Oct. 31, Mr. George W. Hardwick, aged 68 yrs. 2 mos.

**WEYMOUTH PRICES CURRENT OF LUMBER.**  
[Corrected Weekly for the Gazette.]  
Nos. 1 and 2 Seasoned White Pine Boards, Plank and Dimension, \$15.00 to \$18.00 per M.  
No. 3 Plank, 5.00 per M.  
No. 3, coarse, 5.00 per M.  
No. 4, 4.50, 30.00 to 35.00.  
Refuse Boards and Plank, 12.00 per M.  
Spruce Timber, Joint and Plank, 22.00 per M.  
Spruce Floor Boards, Plank, 28.00 per M.  
Refuse Boards and Plank, 19.00 per M.  
Pine Laths, 4.50 per M.  
Sawed Laths, 4.50 per M.  
Clapboards, Pine, 35 to 55.00 per M.  
Spruce Clapboards, 4.00 to 55.00 per M.  
Shingles, 45, 50, 55, 60 per M.  
No. 2, 7.25 per M.  
No. 3d, 6.00 per M.  
No. 4 extra, 5.00 per M.  
No. 5 extra, 4.50 per M.  
No. 6, 4.00 per M.  
No. 7, 3.50 per M.  
No. 8, 3.00 per M.  
No. 9, 2.50 per M.  
No. 10, 2.00 per M.  
No. 11, 1.50 per M.  
No. 12, 1.00 per M.  
No. 13, .75 per M.  
No. 14, .50 per M.  
No. 15, .25 per M.  
No. 16, .10 per M.  
No. 17, .05 per M.  
No. 18, .02 per M.  
No. 19, .01 per M.  
No. 20, .00 per M.

## Business Notices.

**THINGS WE LOVE TO SEE.**  
A man who'll not be defrauded nor lie,  
To save or make a dollar;  
Who, when of him a thing is on lay,  
The "golden rule" will follow;  
A woman who's not proud nor vain,  
Nor minds each foolish fashion,  
Whose voice like some sweet dulcet strain  
Will still the storm of passion;  
A handsome boy who has good "COTTONS,"  
For Father Winter's war;  
Which he has bought at GEORGE PENNOS,  
At 22-Dock Square,  
Boston, Nov. 7, 1887.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Prints 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 cts.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Shirting Flannels at 35 cts.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
All Wood Suit, Coat, Pants and Vest, \$14.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Blankets \$5, \$7.50 and \$7.50 a pair.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Balminals \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$7.00.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Ladies Hoop Skirts, 25 cts., 37 cts., 57 cts., \$1.00,  
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Men's Drawers and Under Shirts, 75 cts., \$1.00,  
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Gents and Boys Hats and Caps, all prices.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Cottons, yard wide, from 12 cts. to 15 cts.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Black Tricot Coats at \$12.

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At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Black Tricot Coats at \$12.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Gents and Boys Hats and Caps, all prices.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Cottons, yard wide, from 12 cts. to 15 cts.  
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At READ'S Cheap Cash Store,  
Black Tricot Coats at \$12.



OLD TIMES.  
FALLGOOD  
AT REDUCED PRICES.  
Cocheco and all best qualities  
Prints, 15 cents per yard.  
Good Prints, 12 and 13 cents  
Prime Fancy Shirting Flanne  
30 cents per yard;  
2000 spools first rate Cotton,  
cents each;  
Together with the largest stock of  
**Dry Goods,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS  
AND SHOES, AND  
**Groceries!**  
See, to be found at the "NORTH END," all  
which will be sold at the LOWEST MARK  
PRICES, at  
**BARTLETT'S,**  
SEA ST., NO. WEYMOUTH  
To the Honorable the Senate and House  
of Representatives in General Court  
assembled.  
YOUR petitioners the undersigned citizens of  
Weymouth, in Norfolk County, respectfully  
pray that they with their associates and suc  
cessors, may be made a corporation by the name of  
the **SOUTH WEYMOUTH SHIRTING FACTORY** to be  
located in the southern part of said Weymouth,  
with all the powers and privileges as  
subject to all the duties, liabilities and restrictions  
set forth in the fifth-seventh chapter of the Gen  
eral Statutes and all other laws of this Common  
wealth relating to institutions for carrying on  
the business of manufacturing shirting.  
R. F. WHITE,  
C. C. BLANCHARD,  
APPLICANTS.  
OLIVER WARREN, Secretary.  
Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
Secretary of the Department,  
Boston, October 15, 1887.  
I approve the publication of the above petition  
to the Weymouth town meeting.  
25-28  
OLIVER WARREN, Secretary.

NEW STORE  
AND  
NEW GOODS!  
HAYING REMODELED AND ENLARGED  
MY  
**HARDWARE STORE,**  
I am now prepared to show my customers and  
friends a  
**NEW and much more EXTENSIVE**  
**VARIETY of**  
**HARDWARE**  
than I have kept heretofore.  
You can now find here almost EVERY ARTI  
CLE usually kept in a first class Hardware Store  
in Boston, comprising a  
**New and Complete Assortment of**  
**Builders' Hardware,**  
**FARMING TOOLS,**  
**Mechanics' Tools,**  
**PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,**  
Well Buckets,  
Iron Sinks,  
Marble Slabs,  
Iron Vises,  
Curry Combs,  
Brushes,  
Table Cutlery,  
Sissors,  
Bed and Table Castors,  
Non-Paper,  
Pencils,  
Combs,  
Chains and Wheels,  
Brackets,  
Boring Machines,  
Horse Wipers,  
Cards,  
Steelbands & Balances,  
Pocket Knives,  
Fancy Hardware,  
Bells,  
Pins,  
Slates,  
Brushes,  
**OVAL FRAMES,**  
And a great variety of  
**USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES**  
not usually found in country stores.  
**KNIFFEN'S**  
**Patent Mowing Machines,**  
WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST  
My Carpenter's Shop in the rear of the Store  
will be used heretofore in connection with the  
Store, for the sale of  
**Doors, Windows, Blinds,**  
**GLASS,**  
Stair Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps,  
and other BUILDING MATERIALS; Cutting  
Planks, Bee-Hives, Gift, Black Walnut,  
and other Moldings, Picture, Portrait  
and Looking-Glass  
**FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, OR OVAL,**  
MADE TO ORDER, OF ANY KIND OF WOODING,  
desired.  
**Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Sashes**  
**Glazed, Windows Painted and**  
**Trimmed.**  
My goods are all bought for CASH, and will be  
SOLD FOR CASH after this date, at the  
**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**  
What little I have left of the old stock of  
Goods will be sold at a low price, as I desire to have  
room for new goods, and for my new Store. I respectfully  
invite my friends to call in when convenient  
and see the  
**FINEST STORE IN THE PLACE.**  
In consequence of my determination to adopt  
the CASH SYSTEM, I have just  
- Marked my Goods Down from 5 to 15 per Cent.,  
which I trust will be a sufficient apology for the  
dish. I am,  
**LOCAL AGENT FOR**  
**SIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
and shall be happy to receive a share of public  
patronage.  
**JOHN O. FOYE.**  
Weymouth, May 2, 1887.  
**J. BINNEY & CO.,**  
**Grocery & Provision Dealers,**  
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,  
WYOMOUTH,  
KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment  
of  
**Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,**  
**Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,**  
which they offer at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES  
for CASH.  
In famous old Weymouth, the home of the  
best  
Where Labor is honored and none are oppressed,  
J. Binney & Co. their acquaintance would meet  
At the corner where Broad crosses Washington  
street.  
Wherever attentive, it is their design  
To keep a good stock in the Grocery line,  
And sell all their goods at a profit so small  
That those who buy once will continue to call.  
For favors received they are grateful and will  
 endeavor to merit your patronage still.  
J. BINNEY, G. E. FIELD.  
**Buckley & Bancroft**  
HAVE removed to their New Store, including  
the  
**Pantheon & Lagrange Buildings con**  
**nected,**  
**511 Washington Street,**  
**BOSTON,**  
Where they will be happy to see their old friends  
and patrons, and all others who wish to see a  
**RICH AND VARIED STOCK OF**  
**FASHIONABLE**  
**FURNITURE.**  
Our Stock is manufactured chiefly by the  
most skillful manner, and of the  
**LATEST DESIGNS FOR:**  
**Drawing Room,**  
**Dining Room,**  
**Library and**  
**Chamber Furniture,**  
In all their varieties, which cannot fail to com  
mand the favor of all in want of Furniture,  
whether in regard to quality, style, or price.  
**EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS**  
**RECOMMENDED.**  
N. B.—Goods marked in the most faithful man  
ner, and forwarded without charge to the pur  
chaser.  
Nearly all the Horse Railroad Cars pass  
directly by the door, and it is in close proximity  
to the Boston & Worcester, Old Colony & New  
port, and Providence Railroads.  
JOSEPH H. BANCROFT,  
CHARLES P. BANCROFT  
Boston, October 15, 1887.

JUST RECEIVED  
BY  
**HENRY LOUD,**  
East Weymouth.  
SPLENDID LOT OF  
**Dress Goods,**  
**CHEAP!**  
POPLINS,  
ALPACCAS,  
THIBETS,  
TAMISE CLOTHS,  
ALL WOOL DE LAINES,  
AND  
**A LARGE ASSORTMENT**  
OF  
POPLIN ALPACCAS.  
**Now Opening**  
AT  
**HENEY LOUD'S,**  
**A SLENDID LOT OF**  
**CLOTHING,**  
AT  
**Greatly Reduced Prices**  
CONSISTING OF  
**MENS AND BOYS**  
**OVERCOATS,**  
**SACK AND EROCK COATS,**  
**PANTS AND VESTS,**  
**CHILDREN'S SUITS,**  
AND A  
**Great Variety of**  
**Gents' Furnishing**  
**Goods,**  
**VERY CHEAP.**  
JUST OPENED AT  
**HENRY LOUD'S,**  
**A SLENDID LOT**  
OF  
**Ladies' Garments.**  
ALSO,  
**A SLENDID LOT OF**  
**Cloths for Sacks.**

To all whom it may Concern!  
WE HAVE THIS DAY AUTHORIZED  
**Messrs. STEWART & ROGERS,**  
Of the Town of Weymouth, State of Massachusetts, our Agents  
for the EXCLUSIVE SALE AND USE OF OUR  
**Patent Solid Rubber Soles & Half Soles,**  
FOR MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, in said town.  
We hereby caution all persons against buying or using Rubber Soles or Half Soles of our manufac  
ture obtained from any other source, to be used, sold, or put on, in said town, as such practice will be  
sue with according to law.  
New Haven, Conn., October 2d, 1887. **SAMUEL PECK, Pres't Water Proof Sole Co.**  
**FOR SALE,**  
**ONE FOOT POWER**  
**Pegging Machine,**  
IN PERFECT ORDER.  
Apply to  
STEWART & ROGERS,  
East Weymouth.  
Notice is hereby Given,  
THAT the subscriber has been duly appointed  
Administrator of the estate of OLIVER  
LOUD, late of Weymouth, in the County of Nor  
folk, deceased, and has taken upon herself  
that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs.—  
All persons having demands upon the estate of  
said deceased are required to exhibit the same to  
and all persons indebted to said estate are called  
upon to make payment to  
ADAMINE R. LOUD, Administratrix,  
Weymouth, Oct. 5, 1887. 25-27  
**NEW DRY GOODS**  
AND  
**CLOTHING STORE,**  
AT  
**Weymouth Landing.**  
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY GOOD GOODS, AT  
**REASONABLE PRICES.**  
**AT C. S. WILLIAMS' NEW STORE,**  
Can be found a good assortment of DRY GOODS; also a large stock of Ready  
made CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.  
Having purchased the entire stock within a few weeks, and  
**Buying and Selling strictly for Cash,**  
he is enabled to offer his goods at prices much lower than are usually obtained  
for the same QUALITY. ALL are invited to call, whether wishing to pur  
chase or not, and they will always find WILLIAMS ready to show his goods, not  
expecting any one to purchase unless they are suited as to quality and price.  
**"LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."**  
**One Price and One Price Only,**  
**THE BEST PLACE TO BUY**  
**CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,**  
IS AT  
**GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHTS,**  
**No. 33 Washington Street, Boston.**  
**Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.**  
**Special Notice.**  
**A. J. BATES & CO.,**  
**At the "BRICK STORE"**  
**BRAINTREE,**  
**Near Weymouth Landing,**  
RESPECTFULLY announce to the public that  
in addition to their usual well selected stock  
of  
**Groceries,**  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**Ladies & Children's Boots & Shoes,**  
**CROCKERY,**  
**Glass, Wooden & Earthen Ware,**  
&c. &c., they have opened the Hall over their  
Store for the sale of  
**Household Furniture,**  
and have now on hand a variety of the same,  
and intend constantly to keep direct from the  
manufacturers,  
**SOFAS, LOUNGES, BUREAUS,**  
**REDS, BEDS, DINING, TOILET,**  
**DRESSING, WORK, AND OTHER TABLES,**  
**CHAIRS, BOTH COMMON AND FANCY,**  
**SIXES, TOWEL STANDS, OTTOMANS,**  
**MIRBORS BY TABLET,**  
**MATTRESSES, FEATHER BEDS, &c.**  
**PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,** common  
and extra.  
As all of their stock of Furniture is received  
direct from the manufacturer, and will be sold at  
a small advance on cost, parties in want will do  
well to call.  
Any article of Furniture desired not on hand  
will be furnished at short notice.  
Braintree, Oct. 7th, 1887. 24-37  
**STONE WARE,**  
**IN JARS, BEAN POTS, PUDDING**  
**PANS, &c.**  
ALSO,  
**MASON'S**  
**Self-Sealing Glass Preserve Jars,**  
**The best in the market.**  
C. O. RADCLIFFE,  
17 Corner of Washington and Broad Sts.  
**Fall and Winter**  
**CLOTHING**  
**For Men and Boys.**  
A splendid Stock, embracing all the  
**DESIRABLE STYLES,**  
NOW READY AND FOR SALE LOW.  
**GEO. W. SIMMONS & CO.,**  
**OAK HALL,**  
24 26, 32 & 34 NORTH STREET, BOSTON.

ALL WHO BELIEVE IN DEALING ON THE SQUARE, AND ONE PRICE SYSTEM, WILL DO WELL TO CALL.  
NEW STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED AT READ'S CHEAP CASH STORE,  
Making a Larger Stock of good Goods than is to be found in any other CLOTH STORES on the South Shore.  
ALSO JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EASONABLE DRY GOODS, such as Dress Goods, Woolen Cloths, Blankets, Cottons, Prints, Balloons, Hoop Skirts, &c. &c.  
ALL OF THE ABOVE WILL BE SOLD AT PRICES THAT WILL PROVE TO ALL THAT THIS IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS.

**REPORT FROM**  
**HEADQUARTERS.**  
THE ARMY IS MOTION! TROOPS  
TO THE FRONT!  
**General Order No. 1.**  
ALL PERSONS LOOKING FOR A  
Good Cooking Stove,  
"Gas Burner,"  
Air-Tight,  
Ring, or Cylinder,  
CAN FIND A CHOICE SELECTION AT  
**Headquarters.**  
Also, Linings and Grates, of all  
descriptions.  
N. B.—The Colonies are changing their front,  
and we are forming a new line, reinforced by  
**ALL KINDS OF SHOE FINDINGS**  
Usually found in a Grocery Store. We are  
bound to fight it out on this line.  
**RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,**  
23 Camp near Baptist Church.  
**Carpentering, Building, and**  
**Funeral Undertaking.**  
THE subscriber having recently put in a new  
engine and machinery, is prepared to do  
**Planing, Dig Sawing, Turning, Chop**  
**board Planing,**  
and all other piece work, such as Doors, Sashes,  
Blinds, Window Frames, &c. Also,  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.**  
All descriptions of Coffins, Caskets, Burial Ca  
sises, &c., &c., furnished, and all duties belong  
ing to Funeral Undertaking attended to.  
**J. E. RICE,**  
EAST WEYMOUTH.  
**SAMUEL CURTIS,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
WYOMOUTH.  
will attend to  
Real and Personal Estate in  
this and neigh  
June 6, 1887. 6  
**REMOVAL.**  
DR. P. CLARK, formerly at 15 Marshall St.,  
has taken rooms at 140 COURT STREET,  
BOSTON.  
P. S.—Dr. C. may be found on the last Satur  
day in each month, at PRINCE MAXIM'S, in  
LAMP WYOMOUTH, where he may be consulted  
in those cases where his services are required.  
He may be addressed by letter, giving the age,  
condition, and the weakest point in the system,  
enclosing \$1.00 and a red stamp, and he will  
answer, forwarding a "prescription." 12  
**S. C. & J. G. PHINNEY,**  
Manufacturers of  
**Men's, Boys', Youths' & Children's**  
**BOOT COUNTERS,**  
**SHOE STIFFENERS, TAPS, HELLS, INNER**  
**SOLES, &c.,**  
**CORNER SUMMER AND WINTER STREETS,**  
**Stoughton, Mass.**  
Orders by mail promptly attended to.  
21 2m  
**CLOSING OUT**  
**SALE.**  
In order to make room for Fall  
Goods,  
the subscriber has this day  
**MARKED DOWN HIS EN**  
**THE STOCK OF**  
**Dry & Fancy Goods**  
to such low prices as will surely meet the ap  
praisal of his customers. Look at some of our pri  
ces, and be convinced that you cannot buy better  
anywhere else.  
Prints ..... 11 1/2 cts.  
Extra Prints ..... 12 1/2 cts.  
Do Prints ..... 15 cts.  
Do Prints (very nice) ..... 25 cts.  
Best Do Prints ..... 25 cts.  
Cotton Dress Goods ..... 25 cts.  
A large lot of Plaid at  
25 cts.; former  
price 32 1/2 cts.  
Thibets ..... 21 1/2 cts.  
Silk and Balloons ..... 25 cts.  
All kinds of Balloons ..... 25 cts.  
Russia Cloth (very nice) ..... 12 1/2 cts.  
All wool Flannel ..... 25 cts.  
Shirting Flannels ..... 15 cts.  
Unbleached Cloth ..... 11 1/2 cts.  
14 1/2 cts.  
Best Cloth ..... 12 1/2 cts.  
Bleached Cloth ..... 12 1/2 to 25 cts.  
Also, a new lot of 25 Spring Skirts (1 in type)  
at the time of sewing the seed. It will double  
the yield, and double the value, as to quality, for  
feeding stock.  
Note the following from the distinguished Eng  
lish Chemist, Dr. Johnson:  
"The same kind of Phosphate, when sown on the same  
field, one with Phosphate and the other with  
farm yard manure presents a striking difference  
in the proportion of Phosphate contained in the  
crop of the turnips. The one grown on Phos  
phate yielded 30 per cent. of Phosphate, while the  
manure turnip contained only 14 per cent. of  
Phosphate. This could not fail to make an im  
portant difference in their relative value for the  
feeding of stock whose bones are growing, and  
which require a large amount of Phosphate in  
their food."  
D. JAS. F. W. JOHNSON, F. R. S. & L. E. P.  
BUCKWIRE AT  
Where BRADLEY'S SUPER PHOSPHATE has  
been used in growing Buckwheat, the reports of  
its effects are even more astonishing. From other  
crops. Two hundred and fifty to three hundred  
pounds to the acre, harvested in which the seed, on  
year soil, is sufficient to make a heavy crop.  
My Agents everywhere are authorized to guarantee  
it to give satisfaction to all who wish to try  
it for Buckwheat.  
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY  
**WM. L. BRADLEY,**  
21 Broad Street, Boston.  
SOLD BY DEALERS THROUGHOUT NEW  
ENGLAND.  
**N. M. Hubert, Agent at Weymouth.**  
**EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!**  
**CHASTILLAS**  
**Hair Extremator,**  
For Removing Superfluous Hair.  
To the ladies especially, the invaluable depilatory  
recommended by itself, as being an almost  
independent article to female beauty, is easily  
applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts  
directly on the roots. It is so simple to use, and  
so effective in its results, that it is the only  
article used by the French, and is the only real  
effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents  
per box, and 150 cents for a dozen. Sent by  
express on order to all parts of the U. S. & C.  
Chicago, Ill. Price 75 cents per box, and 150 cents  
for a dozen. Sent by express on order to all parts of the U. S. & C.

**NOTICE.**  
The Land lately purchased for the  
**Village Cemetery**  
has been laid out, and the  
**Lots are now Ready for Sale.**  
If there are some VERY CHOICE LOTS, which  
persons in want would do well to secure, as  
an opportunity is offered for a short time to  
select without additional charge.  
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1887. 25-29  
**PANIC PRICES!**  
**CLOTHING**  
AND  
**DRY GOODS**  
**Marked Down,**  
**Cottons and Prints**  
**VERY CHEAP,**  
**Read's Cheap Cash Store**  
Nov. 1. 27  
**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
To Elizabeth Silva, of Cohasset, in the  
County of Norfolk, and to any and all  
other persons claiming any interest in  
about three and a half gallons of whiskey in  
two bags, which, by virtue of a warrant issued  
by me, have been seized at the dwelling-house of  
said Elizabeth Silva, in said Cohasset, on the  
twenty-fifth day of October, in the year eight  
hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which  
liquors, with the vessels containing them, does  
not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.  
You are hereby required to appear before me,  
mine of which A. M. on the nineteenth day of No  
vember, in the year one thousand eight hundred  
and sixty-seven, to answer to the complaint  
against said liquors and the vessels containing  
them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you  
think should not be forfeited for being kept for  
sale by said Elizabeth Silva, in violation of the  
laws of this Commonwealth.  
Witness my hand and seal, at Weymouth, this  
twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thou  
sand eight hundred and sixty-seven.  
JAMES HUMPHREY, Trial Justice.  
A true copy.  
27-28 A. J. GARDNER, Deputy State Constable.  
**Cottage House for sale,**  
SITUATED on Washington Street, near Hunt's  
Store.  
For particulars inquire of  
**J. BINNEY & CO.,**  
corner of Washington and Broad streets,  
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1887. 27  
**LAUGHING GAS.**  
**DR. HEAD**  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of  
Weymouth and vicinity that he has opened  
**A Dental Office in Hingham,**  
on the CORNER OF SHIP AND SOUTH STS.,  
where he is prepared to execute all work in a  
thorough and skillful manner.  
Dr. H. is the only Dentist on the South Shore  
who maintains the Pure Nitrous Oxide or  
**Laughing Gas, for the Painless Extrac**  
**tion of Teeth.**  
Teeth filled to last for life. Artificial Teeth  
inserted at prices within the reach of all. Also,  
special attention paid to the regulation of Chil  
dren's Teeth.  
Office open at all times corner of Ship and  
North Streets.  
**W. F. Head, Dentist.**  
25-51  
**BRADLEY'S**  
**Super Phosphate**  
**TAKE NOTICE.**  
Those who have been made to get my PHOS  
PHATE for Planting, are advised to use it at first  
before corn, potatoes, or garden vegetables.  
A small handful scattered around the plants at  
this time, and slightly covered with earth, will  
show its effects immediately. The plants will  
change in color of the plants will be noticed at  
once, and you will be surprised to see the quick  
start it gives them, and more surprised at the end  
of the season to see the large increase of crop,  
and at an earlier date.  
**TURNIPS**  
Should never be raised without using 750 to 1000 lbs  
of BRADLEY'S SUPER PHOSPHATE per acre  
at the time of sowing the seed. It will double  
the yield, and double the value, as to quality, for  
feeding stock.  
Note the following from the distinguished Eng  
lish Chemist, Dr. Johnson:  
"The same kind of Phosphate, when sown on the same  
field, one with Phosphate and the other with  
farm yard manure presents a striking difference  
in the proportion of Phosphate contained in the  
crop of the turnips. The one grown on Phos  
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portant difference in their relative value for the  
feeding of stock whose bones are growing, and  
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D. JAS. F. W. JOHNSON, F. R. S. & L. E. P.  
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Where BRADLEY'S SUPER PHOSPHATE has  
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MANUFACTURED ONLY BY  
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SOLD BY DEALERS THROUGHOUT NEW  
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**N. M. Hubert, Agent at Weymouth.**  
**EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!**  
**CHASTILLAS**  
**Hair Extremator,**  
For Removing Superfluous Hair.  
To the ladies especially, the invaluable depilatory  
recommended by itself, as being an almost  
independent article to female beauty, is easily  
applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts  
directly on the roots. It is so simple to use, and  
so effective in its results, that it is the only  
article used by the French, and is the only real  
effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents  
per box, and 150 cents for a dozen. Sent by  
express on order to all parts of the U. S. & C.  
Chicago, Ill. Price 75 cents per box, and 150 cents  
for a dozen. Sent by express on order to all parts of the U. S. & C.



**VOL. 1**

**Weymouth.**  
PUBLISHED THURSDAY  
**C. G. EASTON.**  
TERMS:—\$2 FOR AN  
**SELECTED**  
A DROLL  
HOW CHARLEY  
LOVE WITH HIM  
There was always  
about a certain way  
and in which he  
honestly by his wife  
May Stephens that  
that troubled my  
the eventful evening  
by hearing the reason  
It was simply this  
word was spoken that  
when Charley Morgan

in May they would heartily, but would at whatever they certainly very provoked hesitation in telling but many times—at ended by kissing each very affectionate.

I determined to ha

"Mr. Morgan"—I—  
 Charley, but I was d—  
 him that I was really  
 Morgan, why do you  
 look at May when I  
 meeting with her is  
 This, I was sure,  
 time, and not instanc

tion, and yet, instead of the simple way, they were taken, on the old plan, the words "I had just the best joke in the world," of course, but to Emma, which in a few of them both looking in then May spoke to said:

"Come in June, you

much more earnestly would. It is only a Charley and I, that be to us it is a droll remark, in telling it, the ing to amuse any one.

The explanation good humor in an in-

smile, I said :  
 "Now, May, this is  
 you ; for so long you  
 curiosity, that, even if  
 worth telling, you sh  
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# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1867.

NO. 29

## Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

### SELECTED ARTICLES.

#### A DROLL STORY.

HOW CHARLEY MORGAN FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS ROOM-MATE.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin, May Stephens that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this, that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at whatever they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other purpose than to worry me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I set forth one evening, when we three—Morgan, May and myself—were drawn up before the fire and early settled for a talk. There was no time for musing matters, as my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly out with—

"Mr. Morgan—I usually call him Charley, but I was desirous of showing him that I was really in earnest—Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question, and yet, instead of answering in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the old place, and laughed as if the words I had just spoken were the best joke in the world. I could do nothing, of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few moments brought them both looking in the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously and said:

"Ever in Jane, you take our last day much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a memory between Charley and I, that brings up that laugh to us—it is a droll remembrance; but, perhaps, in telling it, there would be nothing to amuse any one."

The explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long you have excited my curiosity, that, even if the story was so worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane, shall I have the story, May, I will tell her."

"No, Charley, that is really too bad. You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself. And then, after a pause, she said, 'When we are alone.'"

"You shall do no such thing, Madame May," was Charley's laughable response; "you shall do no such thing. This time I will have my own way, and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was no discussion on that point, but knew in some way that Charley was to come off victor, so I merely said that I would be back in a few minutes; stepped out of the room and walked about the garden until I felt sure that point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May as happy as birds, and laughing the old laugh as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up the rocking-chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story how I first met my wife."

"It is just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for a month at my desk, and went down with my old chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's, in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abandoned State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten the visit, even though it had not its influence on my whole future life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality, the solid old time comfort on the farm, and the quiet way in which, a few days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that all belonged to me to do what I pleased with it. There were plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken of with a proviso. I say we—by which, he understood, I do not mean Horace's twin sisters, Carrie and Nettie—as having participated in these sports.

"They rode, to be sure, and charmingly

they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess they were luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment. They were charming enough without, I am sure. I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls I had ever seen—and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were disturbed by an accident—for so I must call it—though really seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell you in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished by the young ladies upon one schoolmate of their own, May Stephens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing at that time could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the reputation of this May Stephens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion. I formed at least an imaginary May Stephens, and do what I could, the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembling with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts, and of the two sisters' conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had I not learned one morning, as I entered the breakfast-room, the startling words from Nettie:

"And she is coming at last. I'm so glad!" Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the moment, I cannot say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling a with Nettie's words, I knew that the letter, only heard of May Stephens was no doubt to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions, all the information was proffered; May Stephens—he innumerable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at that moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week—it was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion, of nearly two weeks' duration, for Carrie was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen.

With this idea, I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Carrie and Nettie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made in fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out my resolve. My choicest morsel of wardrobe should be offered to the shrine of May Stephens.

I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down at Hyatt's again, to stay out the month that May Stephens, the wonderful was about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that day to create a grand ensemble of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should, at the first glance, strike the beholder with silent admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and re-dressed, compared and rejected and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wardrobe in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stephens. It wanted still several hours to sunset. Having gone through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train, and return the same night to Hyatt's, instead of remaining over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments and away I went.

Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep. So I found it when the shades of evening fell; to the best of my recollection I was in the midst of a dream, in which May Stephens, attired in a book-martin and blue satin, appeared on a purple cloud, and admirably inquired who my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself that had

overstrained. It required but a moment to see that both presumptions were wrong. It was the out train—2:27—that had run off the track, smashing generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage-cars all along the road, to say nothing of frightening one hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was eight miles from my destination, though, as it appeared, not a mile from the next village, where I heard it canvassed a tavern, supper and bed could be found.

I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly tendered all the assistance in my power to unprotected

females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge, the promised tavern, by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that with some twenty more of the male gender I must be content with chair, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight, and verging on to ten o'clock. I vowed I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet-sack into the hands of the landlady, with the most emphatic charges of its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at my expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I went upon the lane that led to the house. They were early to bed and early up. I walked around the house, trying each entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence—my bedroom window looked out upon the piazza. I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business; and, should it be fastened, I would tap and wake Horace, who was my roommate and bedfellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand on the window, which yielded, and I stood in the room. By the moonlight which streamed in, I saw that the bed was occupied, and, by the heavy breathing, I knew that Horace was in a heavy sleep. I would not wake him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious.

What ought I have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills and scattered the gray mists of the morning. My bed-fellow was breathing heavily, but it was broad daylight and there was no more sleep in me; so I was determined Horace should wake up and hear of the railroad break-down. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bedfellow, who had lain with his back toward me, sprang to a sitting position. There are surprises without terror, which deprive us of our speech, until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder.

This was the case of myself and bedfellow, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, dark, hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the nearest little nightcap that ever was. She had gathered the bedclothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid astonishment, looking as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazing steadily in my eyes. Memory serves me but little in such cases; but, if my memory serves me right, it was I who spoke first. I blurted out with:

"How came you here?"

The figure started, still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupor, spoke:

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time calm, with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stephens, and was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return till to-day. This is how I was put in this room."

So here I was, sitting *vis-à-vis* with this May Stephens, mystical lady, for the first meeting with whom I intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction and a nice style of toilet. And she—she by this time as right in the eye, as I made some rambling explanation of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a lame

explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window as I came in," said I, in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly.

"No, that will not do; there are people moving about and you will be seen."

It was now my time to stammer out:

"What's to be done?" For I saw the little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"You must lie still here until I get up. When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity," was her response, delivered in a quiet and business-like manner.

And so I did. Under May Stephen's command, I buried my head under the bedclothes, and kept well covered until I heard the retreating footsteps on the stairs, which was but a few minutes, though it seems an age; then, with a desperate bound, I sprang from the bed, and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met—May Stephens and I—at the breakfast-table. I, in the character of the newly-arrived that morning, and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astonished every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, who burst simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we never failed to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now, cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

**Weymouth Historical Record.**  
(From a sermon delivered Dec. 11, 1815, by Jacob Norton, A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Weymouth.)

**HON. COTTON TUFTS, M.D.**  
The late honorable Cotton Tufts, was born of religious and respectable parents in the town of Medford, May 31, 1731. Early in life he discovered a propensity to literature, and distinguished himself by regular habits, diligent application, and respectable attainments in knowledge. In the fourteenth year of his age, he was admitted a member of Harvard University. During his residence in that distinguished seminary, he sustained a fair, an estimable, and respected character, both moral and literary. 1749, he was admitted to his first degree, and in 1752, to his second.

On leaving the University, he successfully, for a time, devoted himself to the instruction of youth. But as he had a predilection for the practice of physic, he turned his particular attention to that profession; and soon after entering upon its duties, he established himself as a practitioner, in this place. With what assiduous fidelity, success and reputation he practised in the healing art, many of you are his grateful witnesses. But few among the medical faculty, have been so successful, his competitors in these respects.

To his practice, he united every civility, condescension, sympathy and kindness. While his exactions for his professional services from those who had the ability to make prompt and easy payment, were always moderate, he had a heart to favour, and gratuitously to relieve the needy and necessitous. In his visits to the chambers of sickness, he was far from limiting his solicitude and exertions to the welfare of the "outward man" of his patients. For the welfare of the "inner man," he felt a deep concern; nor did he fail to manifest this, as circumstances required, by speaking a word in season, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Nor was this labour of love, it is presumed, without success.

His professional labours in the early part, and in the meridian of his life, were far from being confined to the limits of this society or town. They were extended not only to contiguous societies, but to distances more remote. Nor in advanced age, did he withhold his advice and aid, in difficult cases, from those who were beyond the sphere of his usual practice. Eminent and highly estimable not only as a physician, but a man, he could not fail to rise high in the public estimation, and particularly in the estimation of those who were the best judges of his worth and excellence of character. This circumstance could not

fail to procure him a doctorate in medicine, and to enroll him among the original members of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Nor did his distinguished talents suffer him long to remain a private member of that learned body. He was soon elected their vice president; nor was it long before he was raised by their suffrages to the presidency. In this distinguished and useful office, he continued till increasing age, and the pressure of his other various duties, induced him to resign. As no man was better qualified for that office, he did not fail so to discharge its duties, as to meet the approbation, and insure the united thanks of his brethren.

As a man of general erudition, he attained to no inconsiderable eminence. His researches were various and extensive, judicious and accurate. Nor did he fail to improve them to valuable and useful purposes. As a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he sustained a character which not only procured honour to himself, but reflected honour upon that respectable and learned institution. In the higher branch of the state legislature, he was for many years distinguishedly active, patriotic, firm and influential. And when appointed a member of the Convention for adopting the Constitution of the United States, he expressed his attachment and devotedness to the best interests of his country, by giving his suffrage for that necessary and excellent bond of union.

A rational and firm believer in the christian religion, he, early in life, from a sense of duty, made a public profession of it; and uniformly exemplified its divine precepts and institutions. Few men have passed through life with a more steady and conscientious adherence to the various duties of the christian life. In his family, no circumstance, or occasion, but of an imperious and unavoidable nature, ever prevented, I am persuaded, his offering to God both the evening and the morning sacrifice of prayer and of praise. Nor was this a service which he performed with apathy and reluctance. To do the will of God, in this respect, was apparently among his highest satisfactions. And his manner of performing it, was peculiarly serene and devout, fervent and impressive.

So important and binding did he consider this duty, and so great was his attachment to it, that no debility, sickness, nor infirmity of age, could disengage him from it, when his tongue was capable of executing his will. His household were the admiring witnesses of his regular devotions at the family altar, during his confinement, till, in the closing scene of life, he was constrained to "worship," like the venerable patriarch of old, "leaning upon the top of his staff."

Not only was he a man of prayer in his own family; but when occasion required, he took the lead in the public worship of God's house.

This house, where the divine honour dwelleth, was truly amiable in his view. This he evinced by a regular and constant attendance on the religious services performed in it. Scarcely have I known any circumstance detain his feet from going to "the house of God with the multitude that kept holy day." Thus to worship God in "the beauty of holiness," was the joy and rejoicing of his heart; yea, more than his necessary food, if his regular and devout attendance on that worship, may be admitted as the exponent of the state and exercises of his mind.

During the space of more than forty years, he filled the office of deacon in this church. And with what constancy, fidelity, and acceptance he discharged its duties, many of you can testify. For nearly thirty years, I know not that his official services at the communion table, were by sickness, or otherwise, more than once interrupted. Few men have sustained this office with more reputation and dignity; or discharged its duties with greater punctuality, or to higher acceptance. By unaffected, but not severe and repulsive gravity; by simplicity and ingenuitousness of speech; by abstention from much wine; by avoiding grossness of filthy language; by holding the faith in a pure conscience; by a blameless tenor of conduct; by ruling well his own house, and by a conscientious and diligent attention to the temporalities of the church, he "purchased to himself" a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Thus did he magnify his office—an office which, filled with men of his character, will never cease to be respected by the wise and good, although the subject of sneer and ridicule to the unprincipled and the base.

As a member, and for several years as the president of the Trustees of the

Derby Academy, his unremitting and able services, highly contributed to promote the objects of that literary Institution. During the lapse of nearly thirty years, notwithstanding the pressure of his many duties and avocations, he seldom, if ever failed to attend the meetings of the board of trust. Nor was the influence of any of the members, in relation to the concerns of the Institution, so uniformly great and beneficial as his.

As the presiding member of the board, he acquitted himself to the highest satisfaction of the associate members, who on his resignation of his office, a short time before his death, gratefully tendered him their sincere and unqualified acknowledgments of his able and faithful services.

As a member, and as the president of the society for the reformation of morals in this place, and its immediate vicinity, his exertions to check and suppress the shameful and destructive practice of intemperance and its kindred vices, were judicious, spirited, and it is hoped, in some good degree effective. "Beholding the transgressors" among us, and around us, "he was grieved;" and to reclaim the unhappy and wretched wanderers, was the ardent desire of his heart—a desire which efficiently prompted him to laudable and meritorious action.

In regard to politics, he was a federalist of that stamp, from whose sentiments, considerate and judicious men of each party could not widely differ. Discouraging in both parties too much of a denunciatory spirit—a spirit of intolerance, and a corresponding tenor of conduct, he sided, in the extreme, with neither.

Happy had it been for our country, in times past, had its citizens, in general, been federalists; or to use a more appropriate term, federal republicans, of this description. May it please that all-good and Almighty Power, who governs the destinies of men and of nations, to raise up and increase, in mercy to our land, men of this excellent and highly useful character.

As a citizen in private life, while he grieved at what he considered its faults, he gratefully rejoiced at the wise and salutary measures of our general and state governments. While he deplored the evils which at any time might result from the measures of Administration, he well knew how to appreciate and improve the blessing—to forbear threatening—to abstain from railing against the power ordained of God, and to be in due subjection to their just authority.

In social life, he highly distinguished himself by urbanity of manners, and a courteous address. In conversation he was pleasant, interesting and instructive. Nor could any have enjoyed his without pleasure and improvement.

In the domestic circle, he was as well a pleasant and desirable companion, as the beloved and instructive friend, as the husband, the father, the patriarch.

Possessed in abundance, of this world's goods, through the blessing of divine providence, on his steady and persevering industry—exact method in all his temporal transactions, and laudable prudence and economy, he improved them to useful and benevolent purposes. Although in doing good and communicating, he gave no encouragement or countenance to the idle—to vagrants—to tipplers and the worthless, he was far from neglecting the proper objects of charity. For these, he felt a generous sympathy, and imparted to them its genuine effects, as they needed.

He was eyes to the blind—feet to the lame—a father to the poor—"When their ears heard him, then they blessed him; and when their eyes saw him, they gave witness to him." "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Nor, in many instances, did he let his left hand know the distributions of the right. No inconsiderable portion of his charities will remain unknown to those who have been, and probably will be benefited by them, till the great day, which discovers all things, shall disclose them.

Such, my brethren, was the man in the estimation of him who addresses you, whose funeral solemnities we now attend. Having thus served his God and his own generation, he fell on sleep, on the 8th instant, without a struggle, and apparently, without a pang; when, we trust, his immortal part was admitted to that exceeding great reward which is promised to the righteous.

While we bless God that his life, devoted to service eminently useful, was long protracted, we cannot but deplore his death as an event deeply affecting to the interest of humanity, and, however

large of literature and religion, but under the strong and consoling conviction of the rectitude and wisdom of the disposal of divine providence, we would with reverence and without complaint, submit to the high decrees and sovereign will of the Almighty Disposer.

To the respected widow of the deceased, we tender our sincere sympathy in her deep affliction. Great is her bereavement. We pray God that her support and consolation may be equally great. In this hour of darkness, may the beams of the divine countenance irradiate the gloom—cheer her drooping spirits, dissipate her sorrows, and strike a lightsome vista to the tomb. May the downward progress of her life maintain a peaceful, happy and useful tenor; and may her death be that of the righteous, and her last end like his.

We offer to the only son of the deceased, and to his companion, our unaffected condolence under their great and afflictive privation. May that Almighty and good Being, who inflicted the wound, mercifully apply to it the healing balm of consolation. They are not forgetful, we trust, of "the exhortation which speaketh unto them as unto children—despite not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when ye are rebuked of him. Furthermore—if ye have had fathers after the flesh, who corrected you, and ye gave them reverence, shall ye not rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees."

May the grand children suitably lay to heart the loss they have sustained in the death of their highly beloved and venerated grandfathers. With diligent care may they ever retain in grateful and pious recollection his sage and instructive precepts, and carefully transcribe into their lives. May they ever emulate his excellent example, that, like him, they may be "in everlasting remembrance."

While his numerous friends and connections enshrine his memory with their unadmitted tears, they mourn, not as those who have no hope." Believing as they do, that their highly valued friend has fallen asleep in Jesus, may they comfort one another with this joyful consideration, and make it their great object so to live, that they also may happily die in the Lord.

While the gentlemen of the faculty will not fail to give the due meed of respect to his distinguished character, may they not fail to imitate his distinguishing virtues.

That his lamented death may be duly improved by the several societies of which he had been a highly respected and useful member—that it may be sanctified to his age and worthy colleague of this church—to all its members—to this society, and to society at large, let it be our hearts' desire and prayer to God—"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

—[Rev. Jonathan Bates, aged 80.]

## THE WILD-FLOWER OF KANSAS.

A writer to the Farmers' Club, American Institute, speaks in raptures of the beautiful appearance of the prairies, covered with their wild flowers:

"For the wild flowers of Kansas I must express my especial admiration. And one here may have a flower-garden of considerable show, who will cultivate two square rods of ground with wild flowers. I will name, of the many, only the following few as deserving of some notice. The blue iris, the yellow 'day lily,' and the purple phlox, grow only in the forest, and also the Judas-tree, and a straw-colored honey-suckle. On the prairies we have the yellow cactus, growing only on rocky slopes; the blue, and the white hick-pur, the latter spotted with purple, growing on moist spots, not only where the grass is very thin; the white evening primrose, a perennial, growing in similar localities; and the yellow, a magnificent flower of from four to six inches diameter, growing on the rocky slopes. The verbenum and foxglove are also very common on rocky situations; not because of the rocks, but because there the deeply-rooted prairie-grass will not drive, and hence there is an opening for many hardy plants. I have seen two colors of the verbenum—red and purple; but the latter has so small a flower as, so be almost unnoticeable. We have also a white hyacinth, a purple petunia, a blue lupin, and many others.

"Sprinkled all over the prairies, among the grass, we find red and variegated phlox, yellow polyanthus, and sometimes a purple petunia and blue spiderwort; and last of all comes the beautiful blue gentian, with straight-edged petals, after the first frost.

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**GAS BURNER RANGE.**  
Also, a very large stock of  
**Kitchen Furnishing Goods,**  
including all kinds of Tin, Woodware,  
Glass and Britannia Ware, and  
Table Cutlery.

**ALL KINDS OF PUMPS,**  
LBO.,—LEAD AND GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.  
FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
**CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,**  
Schools & Whiskies Refrigerators,  
**TIN ROOFING, AND ALL**  
**KINDS OF JOBBING.**

Done at short notice.

**JOHN M. WALSH,**  
**Carriage Painter & Trimmer,**  
**AND HARNESS MAKER.**

WASHINGTON ST., (Weymouth & Braintree line.)  
Harnesses on hand and made to order. Work  
done in the best style.

**MARTIN BURRELL, Jr.,**  
**House and Sign Painter & Glazier**

COMMERCIAL STREET,  
**EAST WEYMOUTH.**  
Paper Hanging, Gilding, &c., done in the best  
manner, at short notice.

**CHARCOAL,**  
FOR sale at  
**PRATT'S Tin Shop.**

**Weymouth Market.**  
**WILLIS & WORSTER,**  
**Provision & Grocery Store,**  
NEAR COMMERCIAL AND WASHINGTON STS.  
**WEYMOUTH.**

CONSTANTLY on hand a good assortment of  
Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Butter,  
Cheese, etc., and  
**Family Groceries.**

of which will be sold at the lowest CASB  
rates.

**B. F. SHAW,**  
DEALER IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
Flour and Grain,  
Seasonable Dry Goods,  
FINDINGS AND SHOE TOOLS,  
Crockery, Glass, and Wooden Ware,  
Painting Tools, Garden Seeds, &c.

CORNER OF BROAD AND MIDDLE STS.,  
**EAST WEYMOUTH.**

**J. G. RIPLEY,**  
**HORSE SHOE AND**  
**CARRIAGE SMITH,**  
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

See Shoeing done in the most approved style  
by a man skilled to suit the particular idea of  
each and all.

Carriages new ironed and repaired, etc. etc.



THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1867.

# The Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society.

## FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS.

The fourth annual meeting of the above society, was held in the town hall this day evening last, Nov. 8th. The meeting was called to order by the president, and Oran White was chosen secretary.

Voted, To hear the report of the Treasurer. The Treasurer presented his annual report, and it was voted, that the report be accepted.

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

The subscriber having been chosen at the last annual meeting of the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society as Treasurer for the coming year, and having attended to the duties of that office, asks leave to submit the following report:

The amount of money in the treasury Nov. 24, 1865, was \$241.02 Received during the year, \$7,032.20 from the following sources:—  
Borrowed on notes, 4523.72  
From the S. Spencer Farm and from horse and base ball shows, 2705.03  
From the sale of wool, lumber, grass and straw, 89.20  
From the sale of stock, 18.75  
Stamps, 50.75

There has been paid from the treasury during the year, 7359.47 Leaving a balance of \$661.38 in the treasury.

Of the payments \$490.00 were to pay borrowed money, \$67.97 to pay premiums and gratuities; 142.21 to pay U.S. excise tax and license; about 600.00 expended on the grounds, and about 25.00 to persons employed at the Fair, and shows; about 700.00 for payment of printing, rent, board, and other miscellaneous expenses.

At the last annual meeting the society owed \$100.00 borrowed money. They now owe \$100.00, and about \$500.00 on bills outstanding. The society has paid 290.00 of borrowed money during the year, and \$762.38 for interest.

The amount of premiums awarded at the Fair, unpaid, is about \$500.00. The society has paid about \$100.00 in two years, of town tax, which was illegally assessed and would probably be refunded by the town, if the subject was brought before them. This year no tax was assessed upon the society.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ORAN WHITE.

Nov. 8th, 1867.

Voted, To hear the report of the Recording Secretary. His annual report was then read, and it was voted that the report be accepted.

### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the stockholders of the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society.  
November, 1866, in the history of this society—November, 1867, in the history of this society! As we assemble here tonight to deliberate upon matters pertaining to the welfare of this society, we come to the annual meeting in its history, and open them to a new, and I trust, a more successful year than we have yet experienced.

Time ever passing swiftly on, whether we record it in long intervals, or short intervals, always leaves behind it events, and sometimes peculiar events, and remarks, by which its sure and steady march can be easily traced. And it is on these annual occasions that we turn back to the record of events and ways, and in the progress of our society, and we find there, with feelings of pleasure mingled with those of sadness indeed, the lessons which shall better fit us for the purposes for which we are assembled and organized.

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As to time, of his great usefulness as a public and private benefactor, I can truly say, from a careful observation and a right intimate acquaintance, that as a member of this society, none were more anxious or more careful to secure a desirable property for it, by whatever means, or by whatever influence which he possessed, and none more willing to aid it pecuniarily, with the means at his command. As an officer of this society, the board of directors will cordially and kindly speak to the promptness, faithfulness, and efficiency, with which he discharged the duties of Recording Secretary. Truly the lines of Divine Providence seem to have fallen upon us in an undue season. Amid events like this of the past year, let us repose all our hopes and fears, cares and anxieties in him who rules in heaven and in earth.

The vacancy now existing in the office of Recording Secretary is to be supplied

tonight. You may find the equal of him who went out from it so suddenly; but of this rest assured, when the autopsy of Mr. Oliver Land meets our view, as we turn to the records of 1866 and 1867, we shall surely remember him as a worthy and devoted member, and officer of the society, as an upright and honorable citizen, and a type of a true Christian.

Owing to the brevity of time, which has been allotted me in which to prepare a satisfactory report of the Secretary, and finding myself laboring under difficulties incident to gathering from the records, with no other aid save the kindness of our Treasurer in furnishing some items of finance, I trust any imperfection or discrepancies which may be manifested will be readily excused.

To the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society, the current year, just closing in its history has been one not of great success, yet by no means one of failure. At the commencement of the year it was thought very desirable, and it was then strongly anticipated, that a building should and would be erected on the grounds of the society, which would answer its use for fairs, exhibitions, festivals, and other like purposes. The importance of such a building, and the many reasons for it are known to you all without any words of mine. Nevertheless, we are to-day without the building, and it simply remains for me to suggest that the project be renewed here and now, and, if possible, carried forward to completion before the close of another year. It seems to me this will place us on a good footing, and, I am quite sure, will enable us to compete with our neighboring towns more successfully. I know this appeals strongly to liberality by those who can give. But so, I venture the suggestion. You also can give must judge what you will do.

The grounds of the society have been considerably improved during the past year, at an expense of about \$650 to \$700. I might add that the track seems to have received a due share of notice from the superintendent of the grounds, as I am informed that its condition is more satisfactory than heretofore.

During the year we have had four exhibitions on the grounds of the society. June 15th an exhibition of horses, which earned for the society \$153.34. July 4th, an exhibition of horses and base ball game, which earned for the society \$870.17. August 17th, an exhibition of horses which earned for the society \$81.18, and the annual fair, the receipts of which amount to \$265.74. Of these I pause to notice only the annual fair. Quite unlike the days of last year, we had clear and beautiful weather, except that it was a little cool. The first day was spent mainly in preparation; but on the morning of the second day the exhibition assumed order and system, and really presented an attractive appearance. The contributions to the several departments in the tent were quite profuse, except in the vegetable department. The contributions to the swine, cattle, horse, and poultry departments, were commended in favorable terms as to quality and numbers. The third day was varied with some changes of programme, and a lively and stirring address was given by Hon. Geo. B. Loring of Salem.

To the several committees we must acknowledge our indebtedness for promptness in their efforts to arrange and preserve with care the articles upon the tables in the tent, and the herds on the grounds of the exhibition. To the numerous contributors to the entire exhibition, we must feel that the premiums offered and paid are inadequate as compensation to them for their time and trouble, and that to them we owe a debt of thankfulness and gratitude, for uniting so cordially their efforts with ours, in endeavoring to congregate and display the agricultural and industrial skill of Weymouth. As a whole, the fair was a success. But, with united effort, and proper efficient management, there is still room for improvement.

In my opinion, there are great acquisitions made by each and all of us at these exhibitions of the productions of the soil. The influences emanating from these annual gatherings are more varied and lasting than we are aware. We delight to meet old friends and acquaintances; the social feelings are kindled anew, and the grasp of the hand grows keener as we meet in scenes of festivity and pleasure. Friendships old and new are made stronger, and more, lasting than all, and of more value than all, I believe our feelings of reverence and devotion are quickened into newness of life. As we gaze upon the scenes there laid before us, our souls are influenced into humble adoration, to him who gives to us with a bounteous hand of love, the mellow and golden fruitage of the orchard and vineyard, and the ripened harvests of the field with which the granaries of our husbandmen are now full. Let no embarrassment deter you from pursuing this branch of your work as an agricultural society. Rather you should resolve with a determined effort to make these annual exhibitions a perpetual institution in our town.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. WHITCOMB.

Acting Recording Secretary.

Weymouth, Nov. 8, 1867.

Voted, That the chair appoint a committee of five to report to the meeting a list of officers for the ensuing year. The chair appointed on the committee Messrs. J. M. Whitcomb, Josiah Reed, Ernest Nash, S. S. Spear, and Albert Tirrell. The committee subsequently reported to the meeting the following gentlemen as candidates for election to the respective offices to which their names are attached.

For President, John S. Fogg; Vice

After some reflection, and after having been conversed with gentlemen in neighboring towns, I am quite well satisfied that it would be better for us, and better for view, as we turn to the records of 1866 and 1867, to hold our fair in one and the same place, thus avoiding the difficulties experienced the past year of having so much in so short a space of time. I would also suggest that our list of premiums be reduced in the amount of money offered, if it can be regarded by you as practicable. I have a strong impression that this society offers and pays more money in premiums and gratuities than any of our neighboring societies, while at the same time we receive no aid from the State whatever. With the aid from the State which our neighbors receive, and ourselves deprived of that aid, I think it must be apparent to every one that we should bring ourselves down to the smallest possible, yet honorable limit, in offering and paying premiums and gratuities. The amount of premiums and gratuities awarded by the several committees at our last fair, was \$807.95, to pay which any society around us would receive the sum of \$800 from the State, and I am not aware that any committee exceeded the amount allowed them on the advertised list of premiums.

And now let me say a few words in relation to the duties of committees. Not to ensure any do I speak upon this point; but to encourage the several committees to carry out a work which has never been performed to any fair degree, I would recommend that the several committees be requested to write out some statements and remarks in relation to the contributions to their respective departments, and prepare them for publication in the newspaper now published within our town limits. The value of this work will be readily seen. While the committees will feel bound to list themselves for this work, thus accomplishing good results for themselves, we shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of having explained to us many things connected with the contributions, contributors, and the awards of the committees, that have heretofore lain in obscurity. Then again, while we shall enjoy it ourselves, we shall disseminate, broadcast, in the minds of the people, much valuable knowledge through the instrumentality of the newspaper. I have spoken of this on one occasion before, but never till now have the opportunities for this kind of work been so favorable. Never since the date of our organization has there been a newspaper so easy to reach as now. I am quite sure that the editor of our local paper would regard these documents, prepared by the committees, as valuable for his paper, and would give us any aid in his power that we might desire. They would certainly lend to the value and the interest of the newspaper, and we ought to furnish them.

Feeling as I do, knowing as I do the value of this work to similar organizations, in other towns where it is carried out, I feel that we can well afford to commence this work in our organization.

Since the last annual meeting of the society it has held one quarterly meeting. The board of directors and officers of the society have held nine meetings during the year, at which the ordinary business has been transacted for the society. On the 5th of last March, the people of South Weymouth, (through the liberality of the president of the society,) enjoyed an evening lecture by Hon. Geo. B. Loring of Salem, on the subject of "American Agriculture: its condition and prospects." I hardly need to say that the lecture was able, interesting, and very instructive. Our people seemed delighted to have the opportunity to listen. I must say in relation to this, that it is chiefly due to our apathy that we do not have these meetings quite often in all parts of our town. The people are waiting, even with anxiety, to listen to a good evening lecture upon any subject connected with agriculture. There are plenty of good, able speakers, who stand ready to come at our calling, and at a very small expense to us. I hope we shall inaugurate some system or rule, which this branch of our work as an agricultural society can be carried out.

This while reviewing some of the events of the past year, have those thoughts come to me, and I felt it my duty and my privilege to present them to you for consideration. I have tried to pass upon your time, I have done it only with a desire that I might encourage you and strengthen your hands in the work in which you are engaged. In closing this report let me say to you, go on in this good work.

Count that day no whose low descending sun Vows from the land no worthy action done?"

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. WHITCOMB.

Acting Recording Secretary.

Weymouth, Nov. 8, 1867.

Voted, That the chair appoint a committee of five to report to the meeting a list of officers for the ensuing year. The chair appointed on the committee Messrs. J. M. Whitcomb, Josiah Reed, Ernest Nash, S. S. Spear, and Albert Tirrell. The committee subsequently reported to the meeting the following gentlemen as candidates for election to the respective offices to which their names are attached.

For President, John S. Fogg; Vice

Presidents, John O. Foye, Ernest Nash,

Josiah Reed, Treasurer, Oran White, Recording and Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Whitcomb; Directors, Albert Tirrell, Wm. A. Shaw, Amos S. White, Henry Land, Quincy L. Reed, Alexis Torrey, W. W. Bowen, John Reed, John T. Dizer, S. S. Spear, Wm. Tyler Shaw, Minot Tirrell, Thos. H. Humphrey, Alfred Tirrell, Francis S. Torrey, Samuel Thompson, D. S. Murray, Leonard B. Tirrell, Chas. Merritt, Oliver B. Shaw, M. M. Hodgman.

The report of the committee was accepted, and it was then voted to proceed to a choice of officers for the ensuing year, and that the names of candidates for the several offices be deposited on one ballot. The ballots were then received, assorted and counted, and the list of gentlemen as reported by the nominating committee, were declared elected to the several offices.

Voted, That an effort be made to erect a building on the grounds of the society during the ensuing year.

Voted, That a committee of six be chosen to secure money by subscriptions to the stock lists or otherwise, for the purpose of erecting a building. Messrs. John O. Foye, S. S. Spear, Alexis Torrey, Oran White, Amos S. White, and Henry Land, were chosen as the committee.

Voted, That the directors be authorized to mortgage the property of the society for the purpose of raising money with which to erect a hall.

Voted, That the President and Vice Presidents be a committee to make application for the aid furnished by the State to agricultural societies.

Voted, That the Treasurer be requested to make application to the town for money collected in taxes illegally assessed.

Voted, That the committee appointed to raise funds for the erection of a building report to an adjourned meeting of the stockholders four weeks from this evening, at the office of Fogg, Houghton & Co., South Weymouth.

Voted, That the rule of 25 per cent. discount on premiums be applied to the payment of gratuities.

Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at the office of Fogg, Houghton & Co., South Weymouth, four weeks from this evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Voted, That the doings of this meeting, with the annual reports of the Treasurer and Secretary, be forwarded to the Weymouth Gazette for publication.

Remarks relative to the suggestions of the Secretary were made by J. S. Fogg, E. T. Joy, E. Bradford, Josiah Reed, D. W. Barrows, J. A. E. Land, Minot Tirrell, Albert Tirrell, and Wm. H. Shaw.

Voted to adjourn.

J. M. WHITCOMB, Rec. Sec.

INSTALLATION.—On Friday Evening, November 8th, the following were duly installed as Officers of Mechanics Temple No. 25, for the ensuing term:

W. C. T. William H. Farren; W. V. T. Willard J. Danbar; W. R. Geo. W. Dyer; W. A. R. John A. Raymond; W. E. R. Geo. W. French; W. Trea, Thomas M. French; W. U. Samuel C. Denton; W. D. U. Leon; and W. Cain; W. G. Geo. H. Cummings; W. S. Stephen Tirrell; W. Chap. Thomas Beare Jr.

The opening and installation services, occupied about one hour, after which at 8 o'clock they were brought to a close, and the ladies were admitted as invited guests. The Hall was decorated with flags, the flag of the Temple, the gift of the ladies, overhanging the chair of the W. C. T. Upon the wall on one side of the room, was hung in a neat frame, the names of the ladies who so kindly presented an elegant silk flag to this Temple. These were written in an appropriate design as a memorial of respect and esteem for the fair donors.

The time was passed in a pleasant and agreeable manner until about 9 o'clock when, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, the members and their ladies were seated upon to judge of the merits of the oration provided for this occasion. This part of the entertainment, thanks to the ongoing and gentlemanly committee in charge, was most acceptable to all. After sufficient attention had been given to this meeting was again called to order by the W. C. T. and speeches were made by visitors and members of this Temple.

As we listened to the eloquent words of our Deputy and the Worthy Chief of a neighboring Temple, we saw as never before, the misery, the suffering and wretchedness attendant upon the traffic in that burning poison which destroys health and happiness and casts a withering blight over life's fairest prospects.

Speeches appropriate to the occasion were also made by Rev. Mr. Morrison.

Remarks were also made by others, and with singing under the direction of Geo. W. Dyer Esq., the evening was passed in a pleasant manner.

The exercises of the occasion were continued until about half-past ten o'clock when both members and visitors departed well pleased with the entertainment.

W. R.

ACCIDENT.—Frank Richards fell from an outbuilding at the Point school-house last Monday, and fractured an arm.

ENGINE ITEMS.—An adjourned meeting of the friends of the Amazon engine was held in Binney's Hall Oct. 21, Chief Engineer South in the chair. Upon the announcement that the roll had received fifty names it was voted to proceed to the choice of officers, with the following result: Foreman, Joshua Binney; 1st Asst, C. T. Bailey; 2d Asst, Tertan Murphy; Clerk, John E. Hunt. The 1st Assistant appointed for Section Hosemen the following named persons: William Jordan, R. R. Walker, A. P. Nash, and Frederick La Forest. The 2d Asst also appointed for Leading Hosemen, C. T. Bicknell, Roscoe Walker, E. T. White, and G. L. White.

D. Smith, Jr., F. La Forrest, C. T. Bicknell, R. L. Hunt, and Daniel Sullivan, were appointed to act with the officers as a Board of Government. Upon leaving the chair the Chief Engineer extended in behalf of Union Co. No. 1, an invitation to have a friendly trial on the next Tuesday, Nov. 5, which the company unanimously voted to accept. It was then voted to adjourn until Saturday, the 2d of November, at 3 o'clock, at which time the Engine was taken out for trial, when she was found wanting.

The Presidential Committee, upon being notified of the fact, despatched a messenger to Boston to procure the services of an Engineer to put her in thorough repair before the day of trial, but owing to other engagements it was impossible. Notice was then sent to the Foreman of the Union that the Amazon was not in repair, and the day of trial would have to be postponed. The following is the correspondence:

WEYMOUTH, Nov. 8, 1867.

To the Union Engine Company No. 1 of Weymouth and Braintree: Gents.—The Amazon Engine Company No. 2 of Weymouth and Braintree, hereby invite you to a friendly trial on the following terms, viz.:

1st, One engine to draft from the well at Binney's Corner, play through 300 feet of hose, and to supply the other from her own butt; the other to play through 300 feet of hose with 1 1/4 inch pipe, the engine receiving the water or to have one foot of water in her tub at start, and play 5 minutes.

2d, The position to be reversed.

3d, To play through 300 feet of hose, open butt, tub and tub, the water to be within 6 inches of top of each tub, the hose to be filled at start; time of playing 3 minutes.

4th, To play horizontally through 7-8 inch pipe, each engine to draft its own water; time 1 minute, each to play with the same hose and pipe—length of hose 200 feet.

5th, To play a perpendicular stream through 100 feet hose, each to draft its own water and play through the same hose and pipe; time 1 minute.

6th, The playing to be under the direction of a committee of three, one appointed by each company, and they to appoint a third, who shall be the sole judges of the merits of the play; the engines to be of the same capacity as when they were received from the builders.—Trial to take place on Thursday, 14th inst., at 1 o'clock P. M.

Per order.

JOSHUA BINNEY,

Foreman Amazon No. 2.

J. E. HUNT, Clerk.

BRAINTREE, Nov. 8, 1867.

To the Amazon Engine Co. No. 2 of Weymouth and Braintree.

Gents.—In reply to yours of this date I have the honor to state that we decline the honor to state that we decline your invitation to play on the 14th inst. Your friendly trial has the appearance of a challenge, with the conditions all on one side. I will, however, meet you at any time, and make arrangements for a trial of machines, which will be satisfactory to both companies.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE S. GROVER,

Foreman No. 1.

POVERTIES.—The house of Quincy Pratt, on East Street, North Weymouth, was entered through the bulkhead of the cellar last Monday night, but the noise awakened Mrs. P., who went to the door and found a man at the entrance, who immediately decamped. Mr. Pratt was parish collector, and it is supposed the rogue was after the funds.

The same night the cellar door of Capt. Barrett was broken open, but the movements of an inmate probably caused the thief to leave the premises minus his anticipated spoil.

The store of S. Blanchard, at the North depot, was entered a few nights since, and just as the intruder was trying the money drawer Mr. Stephen Bicknell, who was passing, called out, when the intruder vanished through the window. We learn that a city detective has spotted the rogue.

The shoemaker's shop of Thomas Pray, opposite the Village Cemetery, was entered last Sunday night, by forcing the door, and a case of boots in process of manufacture, belonging to Fernald & Daniels, of Boston, stolen, with a small lot of sole leather.

Elliot White, Esq., for many years prominently connected with banking and insurance affairs, died at his residence in Braintree last Tuesday.

### SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of the Democrats of Weymouth at the Chapel Vestry, Monday evening, called together for the purpose, of rejoicing over the late victories, as I believe, on the side of right and justice, rejoicing that the reign of tyranny and fanaticism has ceased; that better days are in store for us; rejoicing that those old monarchical relics of fanciful laws, raked up from past ages and forced upon us, have been buried at the ballot-box, as we hope forever; that man can now have that inalienable right vested in him by his Maker, to think, act, and choose for himself, with no man to stand as dictator, between himself and his God. Traitors to individual liberty, beware! God has spoken, thus far thou canst go and no further! The meeting was called to order by Noble Morse, Esq., and organized with A. Prescott Nash as president; Capt. Daniel Packard, Capt. Edward Reed of Abington, Miah Nash, A. J. Randall, Jason Thayer, Almon Holbrook, Cornelius Robbins, Henry Newton, Martin Vining of Weymouth, Daniel Howard, J. M. Belcher of Randolph, David Cushing, George Cushing of Hingham, Vice presidents; Albert Tirrell 2nd, secretary. The meeting was opened by the band; the president A. Prescott Nash, then followed in an eloquent speech, urging them to press on in the noble work.

A. T. Pratt, Esq., of Braintree, was introduced, who made a long, able and profound speech, our representative elect, Alvah Raymond, Jr. Esq., was then introduced, who made a short speech, pledging himself to do all that he could for the cause for which he was sent. Mr. Raymond was followed by Henry Newton, Esq., our Representative elect for North Weymouth, Messrs. Clark, and others. Bicknell Bro's favored us with a song, which was followed by the band. Our Representative elect, Alvah Raymond, Jr. Esq., then most cordially invited all present to adjourn to his house and partake of his hospitality. They were accordingly escorted by the Band some quarter of a mile to his residence, which was beautifully illuminated with fireworks; rockets were fired in every direction, as we neared the dwelling, presenting a beautiful appearance, and reminding us that good things were in store for us. The tables were loaded with almost everything to satisfy the inner man, except something to take, which was minus. After retreating their appetites, the company separated, having enjoyed one of the best and most sociable, quiet and orderly times experienced in this community for years.

At the annual meeting of the Sabbath School Association in the Methodist church, East Weymouth, last Monday evening, Wm. D. Farren was elected President, the superintendents of the various sabbath schools vice presidents, and Mr. Pratt, of the Methodist school, secretary. It was voted to change the meetings to quarterly, the first to be held in the Union church. The committee of arrangements chosen consists of the pastors and superintendents of the schools.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Mr. E. E. Wilkerson of Quincy, will lecture on "Cromwell," at Lincoln Hall, soon. He is a young man of much merit, and we have no doubt his lecture will be entertaining, interesting and instructive. He should have a full house.

Father Kemp's "Old Folks" give a concert at the Town Hall next Saturday evening. Tickets 25 cents, reserved seats 50 cents. The company will be assisted by Emma J. Nichols and a fine orchestra.

DECEASED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. The relatives and friends of all Soldiers and Sailors of Weymouth who lost their lives during the war of the Rebellion, are hereby notified that the Soldiers' Monument Committee desire to have the names.

Letter of Company, Number of Regiment, Cause of Death, Date of Death, Age at time of Death, of all such deceased Soldiers and Sailors forwarded to them, any time previous to December 1st, in order that they may be placed on the tablet of the Monument soon to be erected at North Weymouth, in accordance with a vote of the town.

B. F. PRATT, JAMES HUMPHREY, ELISHA PRATT, W. O. NASH, HENRY NEWTON, Committee.

either of whom may be addressed. It is to be distinctly remembered that the Committee desire these particulars in reference to all Soldiers and Sailors of Weymouth who lost their lives during the War of the Rebellion. 29-101

J. C. Loring has made a reduction from the prices advertised in our paper, and offers Wool Rugs at 75c, Aberdeen Pillows at 87c, and Prints at 10 a 12 1/2c.

LIBERAL.—President Fogg has generously offered to contribute \$500.00 to the hall which the Agricultural Society proposes to erect. The report of the annual meeting will be found very interesting.

FIRE.—The stable of John McCarthy on Broad Street, East Weymouth, was burned on Friday last, with contents of tools, three tons of hay, and other articles, the loss being nearly \$1000. Insured for \$300 at the Hingham office. Messrs. Cottoing Nash and W. H. Farrer lost \$100 each in boot fronts which were in process of crimping. The hand extinguishers in the vicinity did effecting service in saving the dwelling from the flames until the more powerful stream of the Union and Amazon were brought to bear upon it and subdued the progress of the fire. Mr. McCarthy desires to express his thanks for the ready assistance of all who labored to save his house.

### Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.  
In East Weymouth, Nov. 13, by Rev. D. W. Walcott, Rev. J. Lovell to Miss Anna Holmes, all of E. W.  
Nov. 7, by the same, Peter French to Clara Bicknell, both of E. W.  
DIED.  
In this town, Nov. 8, Philip Condrick, aged 43 years.  
In East Braintree, Nov. 22, Elliott White, Esq., aged 71 years.

### Business Notices.

NOTICE.  
The Past Members of Co. H, 12th Regiment Mass. Vols., Are requested to meet at the TOWN HOUSE ON MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 2, at 7 1/2 o'clock, to consider the subject of forming an association of such members.  
A full attendance is desired.  
JAMES L. BATES.

WE SOMETIMES WISH.  
We sometimes wish that we could see Such men as lived in days of yore; From pride and ostentation free; Who're now more scarce than e'er before; We sometimes wish to see the day, When men in offices of trust; No more will on the people's eye, And grudge their faces to the dust; We wish to see the boys well dressed; Where "rich boys" are out at prices fair; And that we know they can do best.  
A GEORGE A. FENN'S-45 DICKS ST. AVE. Boston, Nov. 14, 1867.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Print's 10, 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 cts.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Ladies' Hoop Skirts 30 cts., 25 cts., 20 cts., 15 cts., 10 cts., 5 cts., and all at prices fair.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, All Wool Suit, Coat, Pants and Vest, \$14.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Blenders \$3, \$2.50 and \$2.00 a pair.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Balmors \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$7.00.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Ladies' Hoop Skirts 30 cts., 25 cts., 20 cts., 15 cts., 10 cts., 5 cts., and all at prices fair.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Men's Drawers and Under Shirts, 75 cts., \$1.00.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Gents and Boys Hats and Caps, all prices.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Cottons, card wide, from 11 to 20 cts.  
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Black Tricot Coats at \$2.

TURNER'S TIO DOLORUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL.  
Is a safe, certain and speedy cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous Diseases. The severe cases are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous Disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of \$1.00 and two postage stamps. T. J. & C. O., 129 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., Proprietors. 10-13

### Advertisements.

#### For Sale.

A SMALL COTTAGE HOUSE, situated near the residence of Henry J. Shaw, on Washington street, at the head of Whitman's Pond. Apply to B. F. SHAW, East Weymouth.

#### NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

TAXPAYERS OF WEYMOUTH.  
ARE hereby reminded that all taxes remaining unpaid on the first day of December next will be committed to an officer for collection, and the legal fees and interest therefor will be added.  
FRANCIS AMBLEY, Treasurer and Collector.  
Weymouth, Nov. 9,



**Fire.**—The stable of John McCarthy, on Broad street, East Weymouth, was burned on Friday last, with contents of tools, three tons of hay, and other articles, the loss being nearly \$1000. Insured for \$500 at the Hingham office. Messrs. Cottoing and W. D. Farnen lost \$100 each in boots from which were in process of crimping. The hand extinguishers in the vicinity did effectual service in saving the dwelling from the flames until the more powerful stream of the Union and Amazon were brought to bear upon it and subverted the progress of the fire. Mr. McCarthy desires to express his thanks for the ready assistance of all who labored to save his house.

### Marriages and Deaths.

#### MARRIAGES.

In East Weymouth, Nov. 13, by Rev. D. W. Walcott, Rev. S. Lovell to M. Anna Holmes, all of H. W.

Nov. 7, by the same, Peter French to Clara Hicknell, both of H. W.

#### DEATH.

In this town, Nov. 8, Philip Condrick, aged 15 years.

In East Braintree, Nov. 22, Elliott White, Esq., aged 74 years.

### Business Notices.

#### NOTICE.

The Past Members of Co. H, 12th Regiment Mass. Vols.,

Are requested to meet at the TOWN HOUSE ON MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 2,

at 7 1/2 o'clock, to consider the subject of forming an association of such members.

A full attendance is desired.

JAMES L. BATES.

WE SOMETIMES WISH.

We sometimes wish that we could see Such men as lived in days of yore; From pride and ostentation free;

Who're now more scarce than e'er before; We sometimes wish to see the day, When men in offices of trust, No more will use the people's force;

And grind their faces to the dust; We wish to see the boys well dressed, Where "old hats" are sold at prices fair, And that we know they can do best.

At GEORGE A. FENN'S—14 DORSET SQUARE, Boston, Nov. 14, 1867.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Point St., 10, 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 cts.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Shorting Flannels at 55 cts.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, All Wool Suit, Coat, Pants and Vest, \$14.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Blankets \$5, \$5.50 and \$7.50 a pair.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Bathing \$2.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$7.00.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Ladies Hoop Skirts 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2.00.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Men's Drawers and Under Shirts, 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Gents and Boys Hats and Caps, all prices.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Cottons, yard wide, from 11 to 20 cts.

At READ'S Cheap Cash Store, Black Frock Coats at \$12.

TURNER'S TONIC FOR RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA PILL.

Is a safe, certain and speedy cure for Rheumatism and all Nervous Diseases. The secret cures are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. No more in the face of the head is entirely banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous Disease withstands its magic influence. It has the true and certain effect of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of \$1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO., 130 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

### Advertisements.

#### For Sale.

A SMALL COTTAGE HOUSE, situated near the residence of Henry J. Shaw, on Washington street, at the head of Whitman's Pond. Apply to B. F. SHAW, East Weymouth.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

TO John J. French, of Braintree, in the County of Norfolk, and to any and all other persons claiming any interest in about 1 1/2 gallons of rum in two bags, which, by virtue of a warrant issued by me have been seized at the dwelling-house of said John J. French, in said Braintree, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear before me at my office in said Weymouth, at 9 o'clock A.M. on the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, to answer to the complaint against said liquors and the vessels containing them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by said John J. French, in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Weymouth, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

JAMES H. MUMFORD, Trial Justice.

A true copy—Attest,

JOSEPH E. PORTER, Deputy State Constable.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

TO Robert N. Blanchett, of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, and to any and all other persons claiming any interest in about two gallons of whiskey in one demijohn and one bottle, about one quart of rum in one demijohn, and about two gallons of wine in one demijohn and one demijohn, which, by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the dwelling-house of said Robert N. Blanchett, in said Weymouth, on the twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear before me at my office in said Weymouth, at three o'clock P.M. on the twentieth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, to answer to the complaint against said liquors and the vessels containing them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by said Robert N. Blanchett, in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Weymouth, this second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

JAMES H. MUMFORD, Trial Justice.

A true copy—Attest,

JOSEPH E. PORTER, Deputy State Constable.

\$200,000 WORTH

or

Fall & Winter Clothing,

BENNETT & CO'S

One Price House,

14 1/2 Dock Square, Boston.

South Shore Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

CARS leave South of O. C. and Newport R.R. at 8 o'clock A.M. and 12 o'clock P.M.

On Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, Dec. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31.

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### OLD TIMES.

### FALLGOODS

### AT REDUCED PRICES.

Cocheco and all best qualities of Prints, 15 cents per yard.

Good Prints, 12 and 13 cents;

Prime Fancy Shirting Flannels, 30 cents per yard;

2000 spools first rate Cotton, 6 cents each;

Together with the largest stock of

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS

AND SHOES, AND

Groceries!

to be found at the "NORTH END," all of which will be sold at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES, at

BARTLETT'S,

SEASIDE, NO. WEYMOUTH.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled.

YOUR petitioners the undersigned citizens of Weymouth, in Norfolk County, respectfully pray that they with their associates and successors, may be made a corporation by the name of the SOUTH WEYMOUTH LIVING BANK, to be located in the southerly part of said Weymouth, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, liabilities and restrictions set forth in the fifty-seventh chapter of the General Statutes and all other laws of this Commonwealth relating to institutions for savings.

B. F. WHITE, C. H. BARNARD, APPELTON HOWE, and others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Secretary's Department, Boston, October 15, 1867.

Approve the publication of the above petition in the Weymouth Gazette.

25-28 OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

Headquarters!!

Camp near the Baptist Church.

Weymouth Landing

HAVING entered a partnership under the name of

Groceries,

at lowest possible prices for Cash. In connection with this new branch of trade we shall also continue the

STOVES

AND

Kitchen Furnishing

BUSINESS.

Also, a good assortment of

GLASS, TIN, WOODEN, & BRASS

WARE.

Silver Plated Ware.

PUMPS and PIPES furnished and set. Also, Pumps repaired at short notice.

FURNACE and RANGES furnished and repaired.

All sorts of JOBBING attended to with neatness and dispatch.

A LARGE STOCK OF

First Class Cooking Stoves.

Highest prices paid for old Iron, Copper, Brass, Lead, and Rags.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Crockery Ware,

including original packages from the importers, at

STANDARD ENGLISH STONE CHINA,

and all kinds of common ware, at the lowest CASH PRICES.

RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,

Broad Street, near the Baptist Church

Weymouth, Sept. 5, 1867.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

TO William H. Clark, of Milton, in the County of Norfolk, and to any and all other persons claiming any interest in about one gallon of whiskey in a demijohn and one bottle, about one-half gallon of rum in two bottles, about one gallon of gin in a jug, which, by virtue of a warrant issued by me, have been seized at the dwelling-house and hotel connected with said William H. Clark, in said Milton, on the eighteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, does not, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars.

You are hereby required to appear at my office in Randolph, at ten o'clock A.M. on the eighteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, to answer to the complaint against said liquors and the vessels containing them, and for trial, and to show cause, if any you have, why said liquors and the vessels containing them should not be forfeited for being kept for sale by said William H. Clark, in violation of the laws of this Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Randolph, this twentieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

J. WHITE BLANCHET, Trial Justice.

A true copy—Attest,

JOSEPH E. PORTER, Deputy State Constable.

### NEW DRY GOODS

### CLOTHING STORE,

### AT

Weymouth Landing.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY GOOD GOODS, AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

AT C. S. WILLIAMS' NEW STORE.

Can be found a good assortment of DRY GOODS; also a large stock of Ready-made CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c. Having purchased the entire stock within a few weeks, and

Buying and Selling strictly for Cash,

he is enabled to offer his goods at prices much lower than are usually obtained for the same QUALITY. ALL are invited to call, whether wishing to purchase or not, and they will always find WILLIAMS ready to show his goods, not expecting any one to purchase unless they are suited as to quality and price.

"LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."

One Price and One Price Only,

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,

IS AT

GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHTS,

No. 33 Washington street, Boston.

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

LAUGHING GAS.

DR. MEAD

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Weymouth and vicinity that he has opened

A Dental Office in Hingham, on the CORNER of SHIP and NORTH STS., where he is prepared to execute all work in a thorough and skillful manner.

Dr. M. is the only Dentist on the South Shore who administers the Pure Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas, for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

Teeth filled to last for life. Artificial Teeth inserted at prices within the reach of all. Also, special attention paid to the regulation of Children's Teeth.

Office open at all times corner of Ship and North Streets.

W. F. Mead, Dentist.

NOTICE.

The Land lately purchased for the Village Cemetery has been laid out, and the

Lots are now Ready for Sale.

There are some VERY CHOICE LOTS, which persons in want would do well to secure. An opportunity is offered for a short time to select without additional charge.

A. S. WHITE, Sec'y Corporation.

Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867.

MILLINERY

AND DRESSMAKING.

Mrs. HENRY COWING



1000

**VOL. 1.**

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**Weymouth**  
PUBLISHED FROM

**C. G. EAST**  
TERMS:—\$2 PER  
**SELECTED**  
DICKENS' VIL  
This month, should k

While at sea, from a  
New York from her  
expect  
The following illustr  
Messrs. Dombey & So  
Martin Chuzzlewit (C  
With jolly Mark Taply  
The most faithful of

Dear old Mr. Pickwick  
Sergeant Buzfuz, the  
With Tupper, and Snow  
swell,  
And Wegg, the hist-  
Lady Tippens, Sam V  
John Harmon (once  
Captain Cuttle and Bu  
David Copperfield, I  
Mr. Quilp, Mrs. Plorn  
Monsieur Blandois;  
Lord Verisopht, Chuff

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 And Chaulband, the  
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 And the honest man

And the elegant young  
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# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1867.

NO. 30.



**Mansion House,**  
Corner of Columbia and Main Streets,  
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.  
Open for the reception of the traveling public.  
Parties furnished with Suppers and Refreshments at short notice.  
H. P. BLANCHARD, Proprietor.

**STEVENS HOUSE,**  
21, 23, 25 & 27 Broadway,  
New York.  
Opposite Bowling Green.  
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

**THE STEVENS HOUSE** is well and widely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots.  
The STEVENS HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season—a moderate rate.

**GEO. K. CHASE & CO.,**  
10-35 Proprietors.

**I. TUCK,**  
EXCLUSIVE AGENT FOR THE  
**PEERLESS COOK STOVE**  
For Weymouth, (except Landis,) Braintree, Abington and Randolph. Also, manufacturer at dealer in

**Stoves, Tinware, Hardware and WOODEN WARE,**  
and other articles to be found in a  
**Kitchen Furnishing Store.**  
Orders solicited and goods promptly delivered. Cash paid for old Iron, Rags and Paper.  
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

**Boots, Shoes & Findings.**

**Messrs. J. CRANE & SON**  
Have constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of  
**Boots and Shoes,**  
which they offer to purchasers at the  
**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**  
Their stock of FINDINGS also is of the best and variety as will enable them to meet the wants of the Boot-makers of Weymouth and vicinity.  
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

**S. W. PRATT,**  
Dealer in all kinds of  
**Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges,**  
including the celebrated  
**"PEERLESS" COOK STOVE,**  
Dealers, Stewart Park, and the new  
**GAS BURNER RANGE.**  
Also a very large stock of  
**Kitchen Furnishing Goods,**  
including all kinds of Tin, Wooden, Glass and China Ware, and  
Table Cutlery.

**ALL KINDS OF PUMPS,**  
ALSO, LEAD AND GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.  
FULL ASSORTMENT OF  
**CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,**  
Schools & Wagon's Refrigerators,  
**TIN ROOFING, AND ALL KINDS OF JOBBING.**  
DEALERS AT SHORT NOTICE.

**JOHN M. WALSH,**  
**Carriage Painter & Trimmer,**  
AND HARNESS MAKER.  
WASHINGTON ST., (Weymouth & Braintree line)  
Harness on hand and made to order. Work done in the best style.

**MARTIN BURRELL, Jr.,**  
**House and Sign Painter & Glazier**  
COMMERCIAL STREET,  
**EAST WEYMOUTH.**  
Paper Hanging, Gilding, &c., done in the best manner, at short notice.

**CHARCOAL,**  
PRATT'S Tin Shop.

**Weymouth Market.**  
**WILLIS & WORSTER,**  
**Provision & Grocery Store,**  
UNDER COMMERCIAL AND WASHINGTON STS.,  
WEYMOUTH.  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND a good assortment of choice  
Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c., &c.,  
Family Groceries.  
Of which will be sold at the lowest CASH prices.

**B. E. SHAW,**  
DEALER IN  
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**Weymouth Gazette.**  
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY  
**C. G. EASTERBROOK.**  
TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### DICKENS' VISIT TO AMERICA.

This month, should kind Heaven the party present.

While at sea, from all perils and dangers, New York from her "fast-anchored" side may expect

The following illustrious strangers:

Messrs. Dombey & Son, Lady Dedlock and maid, Martin Chuzzlewit (visit the second),

With jolly Mark Tapley, of nothing afraid, The most faithful of servants reckoned.

Dear old Mr. Pickwick, the Widow Bantle, Sergeant Buzza, the eminent plowier;

With Tuppence and Snodgrass, and Winkle, the swab,

And Wegg, the historical reader.

Lady Tuppence, Sam Weller, Sir Mulberry Hawk, John Harmon (once deemed in his collar);

Captain Cuttle and Bunce, the tourist Snodgrass, David Copperfield, Pecksniff, and Toffin.

Mr. Gullip, Mrs. Plornish of Bleeding Heart Yard, Mrs. Vent Blunder, renowned Boodle Bumble,

Lord Verisight, Cluffy, who's brain's rather jarred,

And Chadband, the unctuous and humble.

The lovely, accomplished, and bland Sairey Gamp,

In whom matrons so long have confided;

And that trustful friend, Mrs. Harris, the lamp by which Sairey's footsteps are guided.

Wackford Squeers, the preceptor of Dotheboys Hall,

Shepherd Stiggins, and Flegby the puppy; George Rouncewell, the "vagabond," stalwart and tall,

And the elegant young man named Guppy.

Meanwhile and Spouse, with three "fourth" mouthed twins

That she never considered a burthen;

Dick Swiveller—dolls are his principal sin—Mr. Jarvey and thoughtful "Dame Durdles."

Tom Pinch the unselfish, the crazy Miss Tite, The Barnacles, cry-embroidurers,

Harold Skimpole the "sponge," Mr. Dick and his wife,

The Smallweeds and their exquisites,

Little Nell, who is more of an angel than child,

Old Topsy, droll, prince of delectation, Mrs. Weller the stately, B. Willet the mild, And the Knowleses' youthful assortment.

Squire Waddle, young Trenlow, and Oliver Twist,

With Noses and the Cleverly Brothers, Must close the selection I've made from the list, Though in fact there are dozens of others.

## THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.

A sermon on the late election was delivered by Rev. Dr. Miner, of School street church, last Sabbath, referring to the late election in this State, from which the following extract is made:

We could not deny that there was power in intelligent reason and in the moral sense of men to check the flood of the gravest iniquities, and to bring to a stand the most potent energies of evil. The history of the world was full of proofs of this. The temporary triumph of the tempter of the gale was always followed by a calm, and the intelligent mariner lost no ship when the storm beat on his ship, even if his canvas was rent from end to end and his spars were shattered; if his ship but rode—if the foundations were but preserved—he was still animated by the hope that he would at last reach port. It could not be denied that, besides the elements always at work in every community—besides the providential interference of the Divine hand—besides the omnipotent agency of truth—besides the quickening and authoritative commands of conscience—all of which tended to purify and uplift—it there were in every community a variety of causes that tended downward, and to check the onward progress of civilization and righteousness; that tended to corrupt individuals and societies; that tended, in a word, to enslave Satan and dethrone Jehovah. He need not say that these influences would never succeed. They might for a time seem to succeed, but that very success would make them destroy themselves all the sooner. They dug a pit into which they themselves, by the providence of God, should be plunged. Among the causes which he had referred to as having this downward tendency was appetite. He would not portray the power of appetite at this time. There was no one among his auditors that did not know it full well—who had not beheld, day after day, illustrations of its overwhelming power over the individual, at least for a time. This appetite was nurtured by a thousand carousals, but never innocent, fashions and indulgences, fostered in a thousand ways, in a community pervaded by wealth—wealth that invited luxury—wealth which by men not Christians, and which exhibited itself by ostentation and every form of corruption. Appetite, seconded by wealth, in the hands of men who devoted themselves to luxury, became not what it was intended by God to be, but an instrument of corruption.

## GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

Violet Heath was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reigned supreme in Clifton—the pleasant little country town where her father resided—queen of fashion, as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her; and, as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. Whether her chief charm consisted in her fair, dimpled face, or deep-blue eyes, looking like half blown forget-me-nots bathed in dew; or in her curling, golden tresses, or mischievous, rosy mouth; or in her half-tender, half-taunting air and manner, no one could say; but it was generally agreed upon that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her denials, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the village school, although he was a young man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long while before the little village belle vouchsafed to him the least sign of preference. But perseverance and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last; and, in due course of time, one tender, moonlit eve, under a honey-suckle arbor, in the old squire's garden, the young man pleaded his cause in true lover-like fashion, and was transported into a third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections; and, after a proper lapse of time, the young couple were united, amid a bewildering profusion of lace and white flowers; and the poor, love-lorn swains of Clifton were left to console themselves as they could.

Every body was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. She had been so gay a girl, so full of mischief, so petted and flattered, that some of the Clifton wits were shocked by her change, and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repeat his bargain; but, on the contrary, he rejoiced over it anew every day, regarding it the best transaction of his life.

They had a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in foliage, with great shady trees, and a flower garden in front; and the young schoolmaster must have regarded it as the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the briskness of his step and the brightness of his face, as he returned of evenings from his school-house.

Violet was always at the gate to meet him, robed in some pretty, fresh apparel, her curls looped back with roses, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor and waiting supper-table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after awhile, as if fortune was bent upon running his cup over, something else came to make him still happier. A small, dimpled, crowing babe, with eyes like its mother, and rings of hair that looked spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a happy couple, every one said, even the wits, in spite of their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, perhaps, that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It even came to this perfect little home, trailing its slinky ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It was after this wise: One evening, Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom—but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden, he heard the cottage door open and saw a man—a real, living man, young and very distinguished-looking—come out and pause in the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—his Violet.

He saw her plainly laughing and chatting, and tossing her ringlets; and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by the side path. "Don't fail to come," called Violet after him. "I shall expect you."

Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. Violet was dressed, as he had never seen her before, in a magnificent blue silk robe, all covered with lace and roses. What did it mean? Who was that man that she urged to come again so cordially? A sharp, swift pang of jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart—mistrust of the woman he held a thousand times dearer than his own life; and he hurried on to the cottage, his brow for the first time since his marriage, looking lowering and moody. Violet was nowhere to be seen below—so he went to her chamber. The door was closed, but he heard the babe wailing within.

"Violet! Violet!" he called.

"Yes, dear," came the pleasant answer, "in one moment; as soon as I get my dress on."

He waited impatiently until she came out, and then he scanned her face with keen, anxious eyes. She looked flushed and confused, and ran back almost immediately to put the blue robe, which she had thrown on the bed, into the wardrobe. Guy followed her into the chamber.

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? Oh, no," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing; only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby dressed out in her finery?"

Violet blushed, and averted her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery, "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but, come, let's go down and look after supper."

He followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about, making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom, hung over the whole happy home, which all her gaiety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat in the porch, with his head bowed in his hands, and his soul tortured with a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the usual hour, and found Violet and the babe awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten—she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with baby, they proceeded to the cottage; and Guy went running up stairs for his dressing-gown with his old, buoyant alacrity. On the topmost step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle, truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent, cunning watch on all her movements.

The next evening, and the next, he came earlier; and in both instances, concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the tall, fine-looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet flitting about in the azure robe she had never worn for him. Suspense became torture; he could bear it no longer—he must know the worst. Had the wits of Clifton prophesied the truth after all? He approached his wife, at twilight, as she sat in a low chair, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet," he said, gently, but very seriously, "I'm afraid we are getting to have a skeleton in our closet."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton, dear—how so?"

"Haven't you secrets from your husband, Violet?" he asked, solemnly.

She blushed deeply, and dropped her eyes, and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replied, "Oh, no, Guy! What makes you think I have?"

"Because," he answered, gravely, "I have seen a young man—a stranger—leaving my house every evening during the past week; and yet you have not even alluded to such a visitor to me. What does it mean, Violet?"

She averted her face; it wore a troubled, anxious look, yet there was a dancing, mischievous sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Violet," he went on, seeing that she did not reply, "you can't tell how this thing has troubled me. Can't you trust me, Violet—me, your husband? Explain it all, I entreat you, and end my torturing doubt."

She looked up, her eyes full of tears. "You doubt me, Guy?" she said, mournfully.

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet—I would sooner die; but it is strange, to say the least, that you should have such a visitor every evening, yet never mention it to your husband? But I believe you can make it all clear and satisfactory; do so, Violet, and let us be happy again."

Still she said nothing.

"Violet, won't you speak?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Guy, I have nothing to say."

He started to his feet, white with excitement.

"Nothing to say, Violet? Will you not tell me who that man is, and what he wanted?"

She shook her head slowly, repeating, "I have nothing to say."

Then he rushed from her presence, down the stairs, out into the open air, his head throbbing as if it would burst.

"Oh!" he moaned, sinking down on the turf, "how shall I ever endure it? My wife—my darling wife—my Violet, that I loved so much; can it be true?—is she false to me?"

But no one answered him; only the little birds chirped and cooed amid the green leaves, making him envy their happiness. He remained there, wrapped in solemn thought, until the stars came out. He would not be rash; he would bear with her to the very last. Perhaps she would change her mind, and tell him the whole truth. He was ready and willing to forgive her, and love her all the same, no matter how deeply she might have erred. He arose and returned to the cottage. Violet looked a little pale, and was a trifle more serious than usual—that was all. She did not even allude to the matter. The night passed—another evening came.

He dismissed his school at noon, and came home, concealing himself in the shrubbery. Hours went by, and at last, instead of seeing the stranger coming, as he had expected, he saw him leaving the house. He had been there the entire afternoon, in his cottage, with his wife. His face grew white with anger, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. He would overtake him—force him into an explanation. But the stranger was too quick for him; he had crossed the lawn, and was out of sight in the wood beyond, before Guy could overtake him.

He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant-girl, chancing to meet him in the yard, shrieked, and ran out of his way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well-disposed young schoolmaster. Truly, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering as he entered.

"You are early this evening, dear," she said, pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; she was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said, hoarsely, throwing himself on a chair, "you see that I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house again a few minutes ago—and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means?"

She bent low over her work, but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate, "I cannot live with you if you persist in keeping this secret from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have born it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you now to tell me all, to make everything clear, or from henceforth our lives are divided!"

Violet was very pale, and her fingers trembled nervously as she stitched away at her embroidery; still, that little, dancing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain?" urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanations to make."

He rose to his feet white and stern.

"Then you are no wife of mine. I cast you off—wash my hands of you! You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have blighted my life and broken my heart!"

She rose, and gathered up her babe.

"I will go, Guy," she replied, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light footsteps ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses—was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved?

He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart, and he held his back. She was false to him—let her go. At that instant he heard her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs:

"Guy—Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up. She met him on the passage.

"Bear with me, Guy," she said, humbly.

"I will go directly; but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little sparkle burning in her eyes. Guy followed with a fierce, impatient stride, his head throbbing as if it would burst.

She threw open the door, and there

supported against the wall, was a portrait of herself, with the babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shining ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a somnolent, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out, Guy stared at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet! where did you get it? It is yourself over again, and the loveliest thing I ever saw!"

"To-day is your birthday, Guy," she replied, softly, "and that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than anything else in the world; so I ordered an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against to-day."

Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret; he had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence looking heartily ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her pretty mouth. "I will go."

"Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive me—forgive me; I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other around his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her.

"Yes, Guy," she said, "I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered, tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

WOULDN'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students of Yale College a few years since were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room taking it for the bar-room, and inquired if he could obtain lodgings there.

The young chap immediately answered in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, and quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes about his farm, stock, &c.

Do you belong to the church? asked one of the wags.

Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me.

Well, I suppose you will not tell a lie? replied the student.

Not for the world, added the farmer.

Now what will you take for the dog? pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars? why, he is not worth twenty cents."

Well, I assure you, I would not take twenty dollars for him.

Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companions, was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you won't do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he counted small piles on the table, where the farmer sat with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There, added the student, there are twenty dollars, all in silver. I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half-dollar, at the same time exclaiming, "I won't take your twenty dollars. Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth; he is your property."

A tremendous shout from his fellow-students showed the would-be wag that he was completely done up; and that he need not look for help in that quarter.

so he good-naturedly acknowledged himself beat, insisted on the old farmer taking another glass, and they parted in great glee, the student retaining the dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him, never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he attempts to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK,

Governor.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

With the advice and consent of the Council, I hereby appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-eighth day of November next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

Two hundred and thirty-six years have elapsed since the first public Thanksgiving was kept by the people of Massachusetts, who encountered the sorrows of a wilderness for the enjoyment of a pure worship of God. However changed may now be our condition of comfort, prosperity, and power, if we profess to have inherited the virtues of our ancestors, it becomes us to manifest the same sense of obligation to Almighty God, which was manifested by them, for His presence and favor in establishing the foundations of this Commonwealth.

They attuned their hearts to public praise in the days of small beginnings; our Thanksgiving ought to increase and magnify after the growths and developments of nearly two centuries and a half, upon all of which the Divine blessing has been constantly and graciously bestowed.

I recommend to the people of Massachusetts, that on the day appointed they shall turn from business and pleasure and unite in their temples and households in rendering thanks to the Father of Mercies for his continued favor.

That the blessings of civil and political liberty, hitherto enjoyed by ourselves, have in the present year for the first time come to the possession of a race in our country which before had been deprived of them.

That the waste of war has been supplied during the past season by abundant crops of the earth.

That, consequently, whatever interruptions may occur to the prosperity of commerce, the staple of national strength and happiness is secure.

That never before have there been in our country so few who were poor or oppressed, and never before so many whose hearts were open to give aid, comfort, and charity.

That among the people of our own Commonwealth during the year now drawing to its end the pursuits of industry have been generally successful, and that the institutions of religion, education, charity, and reform have been liberally supported and divinely blessed.

To our devout praise for these mercies, let us, upon this recurrence of the annual Thanksgiving, add the discharge of every duty to the unfortunate, and hallow the occasion by a spirit of benevolence towards all.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and the ninety-second of the Independence of the United States of America.

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK,

By his Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Wild flowers in the West, far as tried, grow finely under common garden cultivation, and most are equal in beauty to the cultivated varieties. Of wild roses, we have the small prairie rose, growing about a











PIQUANTS.  
During the rebellion a patriot in Maine felt ashamed of remaining at home while his brethren were in the field, and accordingly addressed the following letter to Governor Washburn.

"Mr. Governor Washburn: I feel as though I had ought to be doing something for my country, and have you a journal place for me I should like to have it if you have write me and give me instruction what you want me to do. Yours truly,

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended husband:

"Dear Bill—Come right off, if you're coming at all; Edward Kelderman is insisting that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I cannot hold out much longer.

A modest individual in the Nutmeg State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends then design to make him.

A dissipated young man, who ran away from home, and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the parental roof. His father, rushing into the house, overcame with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!

The height of putrescence—A deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun dial.

A cavalry man rode up to a house in Virginia, mounted on an old flea-bitten frame of a horse, and as he halted a clasp greeted him with,

"I say, mister, you are mighty like a brother of mine the hogs eat up.

The cavalryman did not relax a muscle, but gazing him straight in the face, replied, "Well, my friend, 'tis a monstrous pity they hadn't finished the family while they were eating," and moved on amid shouts of laughter.

A lady called at the office of a lawyer in Boston, for the purpose of procuring his subscription to a new work. Said he, "The partnership of which I am a humble member has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense attending its illustrations, embellishments, &c., has completely crippled us.

"Then, perhaps, replied the canvasser, we could procure you some new subscribers. What do you call your new work?

"Well, we have not fully determined as yet, but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after me—Charles Henry.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed,

"Well, I dunno about that. I have blowed my nose many times, and never broke it yet.

"Can you tell me how the water saloon is spelt?" was asked of a cockney by a quizzical fellow.

"Certainly," said the Londoner, with a look of triumph, "there's a hess and hay and a hell and two hoes, and a hen in it.

A man presented himself and his intended to a minister some years since for the purpose of being married. Being asked if they had been published, he replied,

"Oh, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife more than a week ago.

Why is a ladder in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

An English merchant was dining with a Chinese mandarin, when it struck him that perhaps the dish which he had eaten of so heartily might have been stewed cat. The Chinaman didn't know English, so his guest anxiously pointed to the dish and inquired, "Minow, minow?"

The mandarin bowed politely, saying "How-wow."

When did Ruth treat Boaz roughly? When she pulled his ears and trod upon his corn.

Thackeray speaks of a place in Ireland where the sense of elegance was so keen that the servants brought up the coals for the parlor grate on a clean plate.

The Portent of Peller's Abundance.—To dream of a millstone about your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife.

To dream that your nose is red to the tip, is an indication that you had better leave brandy for water.

To dream of a bare betoken misadventure, which your vision shows you is a brain.

When a fashionable young lady dreams of a libel, it is a sign that her thoughts are running on the colonel.

If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law; for by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of a non-suit.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight stays, and always go warmly clad in wet weather.

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We can never forget its success only by the simple fact that it meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a variety of pleasing and instructive reading for all.—THE NEW YORK HERALD.  
It is the best of its kind in America.—Boston Herald.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.—1868.**  
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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### THE BUNCH OF RAGS.

Everybody liked Tom Hall and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man a victim to drink, and Tom had fallen into the maddening power unwittingly, it seems. A new spirit shop had been opened close on the foundry at which he worked, and he along with others was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in, he took something stronger, and he imagined that spirit agreed with him. Time went on, and the liking for strong drink increased and grew stronger, until at last he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow," dizzy and stupefied with dregs of the intoxicating cup.

Tom's was a very sad case, for he belonged to a respectable family, and had been religiously trained, and until he was drawn into the snare, he was an affectionate son and brother, and friends, and ministers preached, and every means was tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost—Tom was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the mocker. His family mourned him as lost, and many a silent tear his sister fell on his tattered garments as she sat darning and patching them.

Tom was infuriated, all agreed, but for all that, he was a favorite, from the mansion to the meanest hut in Airlie, and some good people prayed for poor Tom Hall.

"Ah, these rents will not darn again," sighed Jennie, as she turned over Tom's ragged garment.

In Tom's better days he had pride, and it was a sad change when he liked to care who saw him "out at the elbows."

But somehow Jennie could not find it in her heart to abandon her brother, she still loved and so Tom's tattered habiliments were taken up again and made the most of.

"Kindness may win him back," said Jennie, and when he came home at the worst he was met in peace, if in sorrow.

Just when the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home looking thoughtful. He was sober after a long run.

In the last rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some old charms. Tom sat down beside her, and silently watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's tiresome work, Jennie," he said.

His sister held up her seam before him. "Why, that is a bunch of rags!" laughed Tom.

"Yes, Tom, and a bunch of rags would be the best sign-board that a publican could hang across his door," said Jennie, sadly.

Tom made no reply; he looked at the rags in silence.

Next morning Tom went back to his work, and continued steady for two or three weeks. He looked in the "Rainbow," but didn't go.

"Hallo! what's up with Tom Hall?" wondered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of Tom's favorite whiskey for another customer at the counter.

Sinclair was not the only one who was astonished at the change.

Every day Tom went to his work; every night he came home sober, and after a time he appeared at church on the Sabbath. Then people began to believe Tom was in earnest, and really meant to reform.

"Has Tom Hall really become a teetotaler?" wondered Sinclair, when a whole month had passed without a visit to the "Rainbow."

Well, it seems so, for nothing stronger than water has passed his lips in the shape of drink since that night on which his sister had shown him the bunch of rags.

"I'll have a talk with Tom, and learn how he got off scent though," Sinclair resolved.

An opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In the beginning of summer a terrible thunder storm passed over Airlie, and amongst a general devastation, Sinclair's "shop" was shattered to atoms.

Tom happened to be passing "The Rainbow" next morning, and stopped to glance up at the old mark.

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in his door, "the storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new sign-board."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, 'The Rainbow' is in shivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Then you'll want a new sign-board," said Tom.

"Of course; isn't that what I'm telling you?"

"Is it to be the 'Rainbow' again?" asked Tom.

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Sinclair, "unless you can give a new idea, Tom," continued he laughing.

"I think I can," returned Tom, "but I must go home first."

"Don't forget, though," said Mr. Sinclair, "you're a stranger now—days by the bye, Tom."

"I won't be long," cried Tom, and with a brisk step he walked down the street.

"Hallo, Tom, what's your hurry?" cried a friend, as Tom came slap against a corner.

"Oh Sinclair's sign-board was destroyed last night and I am going to him with a new one," answered Tom with a smile, which was diametrically opposed to his new principles.

"O ho, that's it, is it?" resumed his friend, "but perhaps it would be as well for Airlie if 'The Rainbow' was never set up again."

Tom was out of hearing.

A better sign-board than "The Rainbow" Mr. Sinclair did not expect to get; he was only joking with Tom Hall, and he raised his eyebrows when Tom made his appearance, with a bundle under his arm, and requested to look at the new sign-board.

"I didn't think you would catch me up, but step in Tom, and let's see your idea."

Tom gravely untied his bundle, and held up a bunch of rags, before the publican's astonished eyes.

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Mr. Sinclair, feeling confident Tom had lost his senses.

"You want a new sign-board, don't you?" said Tom.

"Well, what has a bunch of rags got to do with that?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Ask yourself, sir, if a bunch of rags is not the best sign-board that can hang across the publican's door," said Tom, and his lips quivered.

"Was it that bunch of rags that made you a teetotaler, Tom?" said Mr. Sinclair, more confused than he liked to own.

"It was God's means, I think, sir," answered Tom, "and perhaps, poor wretches seeing there the end of drink may bless you for the sign-board."

Tom walked away to his work, and Mr. Sinclair went back to his counter, but all day, the bunch of rags troubled him.

He was a kind hearted man, and believed himself a Christian, and he did not like the idea of being considered the cause of misery and rags. To a man of his disposition it was painful in the extreme, and he couldn't help feeling angry when poor shivering wretches came and had down the payment of a glass. When he lifted up the money, he felt as if he was stealing their means.

It was a busy day, but every new comer seemed more deplorably wretched and worse off than the last served. He was thankful when night came.

The last customer was a woman literally hanging in tatters. A little infant sat on her arm. It was crying with the cold. It lifted the rag that covered its naked limbs, and looked piteously at him.

"Go home, and put clothes on your child," said Mr. Sinclair, flinging back the money the woman had laid down.

"I have nothing but rags," said the woman.

"Tom is right," said Mr. Sinclair, as he looked his door—the end of drink is misery and rags, and the man who has a taste for that sort of thing may put his name on the new sign-board."

That same summer Mr. Sinclair went into the tea trade, in which he made a handsome fortune. Tom Hall is now a famous engineer.

FEDERAL OFFICERS ABROAD.—The Paris correspondent of the *Irishman* writes: "I met three Irish-American officers of distinguished service here, in Paris, during the last year. I will give you an example of the luxury in which they were living. Their breakfast cost nothing; for they lay in bed till dinner hour; their dinner cost five sous, that is about 2 1/2-c; their suppers were made up off the remains of their dinners. The last I saw of Captain C—, of Corcoran's Legion, was when he was leaving for London, on money lent by a friend of mine; the last time I heard of Captain K—, of the Irish Brigade, he was seeking employment as a common laborer in the Exhibition; the last occasion on which I met the gallant Captain B—, of the Federal Engineers, he had his earthly goods wrapped up in a half-sheet of a newspaper, and didn't know where he'd by his head that night."

### A NIGHT OF ICE.

It was in a private parlor of a hotel in the Provinces. Two men sat at a well-spread breakfast table. The younger had just pushed back from the table, with an impatient movement.

"No," he said, abruptly, "I cannot eat, I cannot drink. If I believed in presentiments, I should say I felt a forewarning of something disagreeable if not horrible."

"Well, then, my dear nephew," said the elder, "as you do not believe in such things, why not make yourself comfortable and enjoy your breakfast?"

"You were not to start until to-morrow, any way, you know."

The young man rose from his seat and walked to the window, throwing it open, and looking out in the frosty, brilliant sunshine. The air was intensely cold, and reddened his cheeks instantly. He drew in his head, saying—

"I shall start this morning. There's going to be a storm, and I must go. Will you accompany me to the station? The train starts in an hour."

The uncle shivered and drew his dressing gown closer.

"No," he said, "I'll not leave the house unless I'm obliged to go. I did not leave England to get frozen by a Canadian winter. I did not know you were so sentimentally foolish. Alice will not thank you for coming a day sooner. Women don't like a bridegroom around when the wedding preparations are going on, no matter how much in love they are. Take my advice, and stay here until the time appointed for you to start."

Robert Russell, the young man addressed, listened with bare civility to his companion's words. What was such advice in comparison with the urgent cries of his whole nature? He had left England three weeks before, to claim the woman of his choice, who had been a year in Montreal, whither she had emigrated with her parents, carrying with her love and promise of the one in whom she believed with utter devotion.

Russell's uncle and adopted father had accompanied him, and now sat smiling at the imagination, the whims of youth.

"There is a storm in the air in spite of this pale sunlight," Russell said, still standing by the window. "I should not much enjoy being blocked in by snow on my journey."

"Probably not; but you might as well expect it in this climate."

"Well, I shall take Alice back to England as soon as possible," Russell said, with his hand on the door. "Good-bye, uncle, then, good-bye."

Russell was soon speeding from the town, his eyes looking eagerly forward over the vast stretches of snow as if he would out-strip even the steam which bore him.

He was not half through his journey by rail, when from the west, where it had lingered throughout the sunny morning, rose the filmy white veil that is the herald of snow. Weather-wise people their heads, saying—

"This will be a hard one. It's just a year ago since the horrible storm that blocked in this train."

Russell, looking, felt his face grow palid in spite of his high hopes, his youthful energy.

He did not fear the storm while on the cars; he knew they would get to their destination before the storm would be sufficiently advanced to retard them much. But he remembered the twenty miles he must go in a cutter after the last station, for Alice awaited him at the residence of a relative beyond Montreal. Her aunt had persuaded her to leave the wedding there, where wealth could give its glow to the ceremony, and what girl would resist such an invitation?

"If she were only in Montreal!" murmured Russell, as the first few flakes began to drift slowly downward.

Soon the air was filled with fine, sharp particles. It grew colder instead of warmer, or apparently so, for the wind rose and whirled the snow fiercely.

It had snowed two hours when Russell alighted at the station in Montreal. It was already dark, save that the gloom was mitigated by a full moon.

He was half-battered by cold and sitting so long, but he could not wait. Reason told him that he was a day early, and might easily stay in the city until to-morrow; but some feverish, morbid haste urged him on—it was impossible for him to rest quiet a moment.

He stood a few moments by the bright fire in the waiting-room. Then he decided to go to the house occupied by Alice's parents.

He would learn, for certain, that they had gone to M—, He believed they had left three days before.

He thought the servant would never

admit him, as he stood waiting on the steps of a house somewhat out of the city.

Finally, however, the door was opened, and he asked hurriedly—

"Are the Malcolms at home?"

"No, sir."

"All, save Miss Alice?"

"I wish to see her," he said, a thanks-giving in his heart that she had not gone.

"She's gone, too, was the slightly peevish reply; only she didn't go until about two or three hours ago. She had to remain until the last minute with a sick friend. Will you come in, sir? It's a hard storm."

The last was said ungraciously enough; but Russell stepped within, saying, impatiently—

"Tell me what road she went, and if she had a reliable driver."

The old servant started in astonishment. Who was this fellow that spoke so peremptorily?

"She took the only straight road I know of to M—, and she had a good driver for all that I know."

Russell rode fast down the principal street of the city, and out into the suburbs, on the road the servant had told him.

He was heavily wrapped in furs, and for the first two or three miles he did not feel the cold very severely. When the town was left behind him, the roads grew poorer. They were deeply banked in places, and the horses could only struggle slowly through them, toiling against the furious wind and snow that swept right in the teeth of the poor beasts.

Though it was comparatively light, Russell could see only a few inches before him. He was surrounded and imprisoned by something dense and white and blinding. Still, at thought of his own journey through the long twenty miles, his heart would not have faltered a moment, but there was with him every moment the dreadful fear that Alice was upon the road; for his imagination conjured up every possibility that could prevent her from reaching M—before that time.

And yet she had started two or three hours ago; she must be near her destination. Perhaps the horse could travel faster than than now, or she could not have journeyed far, for his own animals had subsided into a walk. It was useless and cruel to urge them. They struggled on through the drifts, the cutter dragging up the whole depth of the run.

Russell's furious, eager temperament, imprisoned here, where he would have given all his possessions to have flown over the ground, chafed almost unbearably against the delay. His eager eye strained forward into the distance. But in vain—he could not see—he could only let his horses pull on as best they could.

He was held within insuperable walls of fate, and in vain his heart throbbed, his soul longed. And yet he could not reconcile himself to this slow gait. He had thought of getting out and walking by his cutter, but reflection told him that was useless. At this rate he dared not think how long it would be before he reached M—, And if Alice were on the road, should he be able to assist her?

Already the fierce cold had benumbed his hands and feet, warmly enwrapped as they were. An icy and horrible monster seemed slowly creeping toward him, devouring the pulsating warmth with which he started. Sharp pains darted through him at intervals, and he wondered where was his force, his energy.

He had heard of the legerity which is the precursor of death in the frozen wilds, and with an exertion that demanded all his strength and resolution, he stepped out of the sleigh and plodded on beside it, merely to awaken again the sluggish currents of his blood. Even that he felt he could not have done had he not been conscious of some premonitory fate that whispered he must save his life for the woman he loved—that somewhere upon this dreadful road the woman awaited help, and that he must save her.

Thus he went on for hours, it seemed to him—alternately riding and walking—attempting to cheer the poor brutes whose breath seemed many times to be leaving them.

Already he began vaguely to wonder if morning was not near, feeling that he had been all night thus fighting the elements. If strength should remain to him to keep battling, the danger to himself was passed, for at last had begun to course in his veins the fiery, re-awakened blood of youth. His cheeks glowed, his hot breath panted between crimson lips. Hope rose triumphant in his soul, and he already fancied himself at the end of his journey.

Suddenly, with a start of surprise or

alarm, his horses stopped their plodding walk and threw back their heads, their eyes starting in their sockets at something indistinct in the gloom ahead.

There is something infecting in the alarm of an animal, and Russell felt his cheeks quickly pale as he moved slowly forward, leaving the horses standing there.

A shudder, like the first chill of an impending doom, shook the young man as he came upon a cutter overturned in the snow. He was close to it before he could make out what it was. There were no horses attached—that he saw at a glance—but the tugs, cut short off, were fastened there. The snow had flown away from one side of the sleigh, while the other side was deeply imbedded. He leaped upon the runner, and hurriedly pulled the buffalo robes away, a fear upon him such as he had never known before.

At last—it seemed to him so long, though it was hardly a moment—in that snowy moonlight he saw the pallid face of a woman lying motionless among her furs.

With a suppressed cry he lifted that beautiful head to his shoulder, and sat down on the cutter, bending his lips to the cold ones that could not respond to his caress. And yet she was not dead—a faint breath just sighed across his cheek.

Was it thus he had thought to greet his promised wife? He could not think—he knew nothing but that he had found Alice—and his whole being rose to the resolve that he would save her—that neither snow nor ice nor cold should take her from him. She was his, and he claimed her in despite of everything.

But he could not linger there; he must be moving on, though ever so slowly. He bore his burden to his own cutter, taking with him the furs which could not save her after that fearful sleep had begun. His horses walked on again—they needed no guiding—they could find their way better than any man could direct.

Anything but intense love would have despaired in that tempest of snow, with that pitiless wind freezing across the earth, raising no glow on the blue-white face against his own.

He roughly chafed with snow her hands and face; but he soon saw that severer measures must be tried; that the lethargy was too deep. She dimly felt the fierce friction, for she moaned and seemed to shrink from it—a wordless request to be left alone.

Russell had forgotten the cold for himself; the snow swept by him unheeded. Again he lifted her in his arms and stepped out into the snow, letting her stand beside him, then trying to make her fight her way on, knowing that if she could once be roused she was saved.

At first she fell down helplessly—sank insensitively, with no wish to stir. But in a moment his ceaseless efforts had some effect, and he could compel her to use her muscles slightly, though her head drooped in an unknowing stupor.

Russell felt that he had never suffered before. He thought the pain and sorrow of all his life were crowded into that one night. By slow degrees, almost hopelessly slow, consciousness and horrible suffering returned.

His face was pale and sick, as he knew the agony she endured. But pain was the signal of life and hope, and not now would he despair.

At last she looked at him with recognizing eyes, and when everything else had failed, love reached the fountain of crimson, and sent a wave of its red to her face.

Weak, suffering, she reclined upon his arm, unable to move or to speak. Could he keep the life he had restored through a much longer journey?

When he had left the city there had been a few horses scattered by the roadside for two or three miles. The dim glimmer of their lights he had seen; but since then he had noticed nothing—it was a waste through which he was riding with no lamp of hope held out to him. And the delicate girl, but half-resuscitated, he thought—oh, how many miles before safety?

A half hour passed, and through Russell's brain soul had already started the first doubt. Human endurance could not last forever, and it was almost more than he could do to preserve the feeble life he had recalled. In another half hour, ice and cold might conquer him. He would die with her; he could not live with that dearest face was beneath the sod.

A quarter of a mile further on, and he saw through the storm a dark, broad object by the roadside. It was a building of some kind, and it could shelter them. He turned his horse's head that

way, and plunged through the snow to the door. There was no door. It was a dismantled log hut, with its door gone, and its one little window broken out. But it was better than the fury without, and in another five minutes Alice was partially sheltered from the wind. With painful and patient fumbling he succeeded in fastening the buffalo skin in front of the doorway, thus forming an insubstantial barrier. Then he drew from his pocket his cigar-case and his matches, and lighting one of the latter, looked eagerly round the room in the flickering light. That swift glance told him that there was an immense fireplace at one side of the hut, and a divine light of joy streamed into his soul at the sight.

As his horses had dragged the cutter to the house, the runner had grated over the top rail of a fence, and the unseen strip had nearly upset the light cutter.

The white-fingered, fair-faced Englishman worked with a power that was more like fury, and when at last a rudely blaze swept up the broad chimney, tears of joy actually started from his eyes.

Exhausted, happy, he knelt at the feet of Alice, and hid his face in her hands. With that reviving warmth came a little strength to her weary soul. She leaned forward, a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and murmured—

"It was Heaven itself who sent you here, Robert."

Two hours later, a gray dawn was struggling through the clouds; a broad strip of blue encircled the west; the wind moaned in lower tones. The old hut was golden with the wood fire—it threw its radiance over the two horses who had been led in, and stood wild and grateful in a corner, their eyes staring at the fire.

Renovated, though weak, with a happiness beyond words warm in her heart, Alice Malcolm greeted her wedding-day. She had told her story to Robert—the story of her desertion in the snow. As the storm had come on more furiously, her driver, whom she had believed trustworthy, announced his intention of returning. She had discovered that he was in a semi-intoxicated state, but she refused to return, and he had sworn he would not go a step farther, and had cut the traces, and mounting one of the horses, led her to her fate.

She did not know as she spoke that, miles back, within a few miles of the city, lay a man frozen to death, the eddying snow drifting over his body. He had found a fate which his mistress had escaped.

Backward, through a vista of happy years, look Russell and his wife to that night of horror in Canada, when peril revealed to them the full depth of their devotion—the infinitude of their love.

The *Irish Republic* closes an editorial on crime as follows:

"One of the greatest impediments to any reformation in the habits of our race has been the intolerance shown to any man or body of men who run counter to our prejudices. While the world has been ringing its changes on our follies and failings, no man of our own race had the pluck to arraign us before the bar of common sense, and point out our errors and the proper remedies."

"We have been driven to this very plain talk on reading over the following report:

"The Chicago Superintendent of Police has handed in his quarterly report ending September 30th."

"The nationalities of offenders were as follows: Americans, 1648; Canadians, 78; French, 35; Africans, 147; Danes, 16; Germans, 949; Bohemians, 39; English, 216; Italians, 28; Russians, 4; Swedes, 78; Indians 4; Prussians, 3; Welsh, 10; Norwegians, 118; Scotch, 84; Irish, 3698."

"It is useless for us to close our eyes to this disgraceful fact, for it has been read by every citizen in the State, and we have all been more or less condemned for the brutes that (they) represented our country at the police court. Let us waive all false modesty, and come at once to the cause, and then let us see if there can be a remedy."

"We can safely say that nine out of ten of these Irish offenders can be traced to DRUNKENNESS. It is unusual for a sober Irishman to violate the laws of propriety. On the other hand, when an Irishman drinks, the devil takes possession of him; and while under its influence he plunges into excesses as naturally as a duck seeks water. We can also conscientiously say that none of our sober, unassuming, cold-blooded crime can be laid at our doors, such as disgraces other nationalities and shocks humanity. To commit a crime, an Irishman has to drown his conscience in whiskey, and

fortify himself in madness, in order to work himself into a criminal mood. Whiskey, then, is the basis of Irish crime. Remove the cause, and you apply the remedy. Every man, woman, and child of our race is interested in this, for it affects the whole."

A CURIOUS FRODO STORY.—The *Elk Run* (Del.) Gazette has the subjoined:

Mr. Yager, living near Mitchell's Station, in Culpeper county, relates some very curious facts about a remarkable frog. "It has lived," he says, "many years with us, and is a great favorite, and the greatest curiosity is its becoming so remarkably tame. It had frequented our door steps before our hall door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it. My father had admired it on account of its size and color, and he visited it every evening, when it would come forth at his summons, and by constant feeding it would come to the candle and look up as if expecting to be taken and brought to the table and fed on insects of all sorts. On presenting living insects, it fixes its eyes intently and remains motionless for a while as if preparing for a strike, which is an instantaneous throwing of its tongue to a great distance, upon which the insect sticks fast to the tip of a glutinous matter. I can't say how long my father had been acquainted with it, from my earliest recollection he spoke of it as 'Old Tom,' 'the old frog.' I have known it for a great number of years—I can answer for fifty-seven years. It makes its appearance, with warm weather and remains with us till late, appearing morning and evening to our great amusement, having been trained to do many things, such as leaping, turning somersaults, holding alternately by its feet and hands to a staff rope, swinging and whirling after the manner of a slack-rope performer, marching erect on its hind legs; and at the word of command, going through the manual exercise. It seems perfectly good natured, and never shows temper, but is dreadfully afraid of a cat."

A MYSTERIOUS HAIR CUTTER.—The *Evansville* (Ind.) Courier tells the following marvelous story:

One of the most mysterious circumstances we have ever seen recorded occurred in Goodsville yesterday morning—a woman's hair being cut from her head by an unknown hand. We learn the following particulars of this strange affair from a gentleman who saw the hair which was cut from the lady's head:

"As Miss Meyer, a daughter of J. Meyer, residing in Goodsville, was going up in a stable loft for some purpose or other, when half way up the ladder, she felt something touch her on the back of the head. She paid no attention to this, but continued her way up. Again she felt it, and more sensibly—this time feeling a keen cut through her hair. She fell to the floor of the stable with a sharp scream, which brought the family to her rescue. On an examination it was discovered that the blade of her hair had been cut off—her hair being done up in two braids. The hair was cut about four inches from the skin, and could not have been done with a scissor, as she would have felt that instrument. The family, on coming to the girl's assistance, searched the premises, but could find nobody or nothing to indicate that any person had been in the loft, though there is an opening on the inside, through which a person could jump out. The young lady herself neither saw nor heard anything. The brand of her hair was found afterwards in the stable. It had the appearance of being cut even, and with a sharp instrument. This is indeed a strange case."

THE OLDEST REEKS OF HUMANITY. The oldest monument of mortality extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age of thousands of years, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid about two centuries before Christ. Only think of it; the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Abraham was born, and only about two centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah and the first of the Pharaohs had been gulched to his fate.

OFFICE IN DR. NYE'S BUILDING,  
OPPOSITE THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,  
Weymouth Landing.

Having facilities for furnishing at short notice in the best manner, and on reasonable terms every kind of

### Letter Press Printing.

all orders may be entrusted with confidence that they will be filled with care and despatch. Particular attention paid to work of the following descriptions:

L.A.W. BLANKS, BLANK FORMS  
BILL HEADS, BILLS LADING  
BILLS FARE, CIRCULARS,  
BUSINESS CARDS, CHECKS,  
CERTIFICATES, CATALOGUES,  
SERMONS, REPORTS,  
HANDBILLS, SHOP BILLS,  
NOTES, LABELS,  
PLACARDS, POSTERS,  
PROGRAMMES, RECEIPTS,  
TICKETS, VISITING CARDS,  
WEDDING CARDS, &c. &c.

We have procured a large font of type especially adapted to printing Sermons and Addresses, and are prepared to perform work of this description in good style and at city rates.

### The Weymouth Gazette

Is issued every Thursday Morning, and will be furnished at Five Cents for single copies.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 PER YEAR, TO BE PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.







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**NEW DRY GOODS**

AND

**CLOTHING STORE,**

AT

**Weymouth Landing.**

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY GOOD GOODS, AT  
**REASONABLE PRICES.**

**AT C. S. WILLIAMS' NEW STORE.**

Can be found a good assortment of DRY GOODS; also a large stock of Ready-made CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.  
Having purchased the entire stock within a few weeks, and

**Buying and Selling strictly for Cash.**

he is enabled to offer his goods at prices much lower than are usually obtained for the same QUALITY. ALL are invited to call, whether wishing to purchase or not, and they will always find WILLIAMS ready to show his goods, not expecting any one to purchase unless they are suited as to quality and price.

"**LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.**"

**One Price and One Price Only,**

**THE BEST PLACE TO BUY**  
**CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,**

IS AT  
**GOLDTWEIT, SNOW & KNIGHTS,**  
**No. 33 Washington street, Boston.**  
*Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.*

**Headquarters !! LAUGHING GAS.**

**DR. HEAD**

Camp near the Baptist Church,  
**Weymouth Landing**

HAVING formed a Partnership under the name of RADCLIFFE & ALLEN, we are prepared to furnish a superior quality of

**Groceries,**

at lowest possible prices for Cash. In connection with the new branch on Trade St. we shall also continue the

**STOVES**  
AND  
**Kitchen Furnishing**  
**BUSINESS.**

Also, a good assortment of

**GLASS, TIN, WOODEN, & BRASS TAVIA WARE,**  
**Silver Plated Ware.**

PUMPS and PIPES furnished and set. Also, mugs repaired at home or here.

FURNACES and RANGES furnished and repaired.

All sorts of JOBBING attended to with neatness and dispatch.

A LARGE STOCK OF  
First Class Cooking Stoves.

Highest prices paid for old Iron, Copper, Brass, lead, and Kags.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF  
**Crockery Ware,**  
including original packages from the importers.

STANDARD ENGLISH STONE CHINA,  
all kinds of common water, at the lowest cash prices.

**RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,**  
Broad Street, near the Baptist Church,  
Weymouth, S. p. 5, 1867.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
— I, T. W. Allen, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that all persons claiming any interest in one gallon of whiskey, in a demijohn and twelve half-gallon bottles, about one-half gallon of rum in two bottles, about one gallon of gin in a jug, which were of the warrant issued by me, have been seized at the dwelling-house and hotel connected with William H. Clark, in said Milton, on the thirteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, the value of which liquors, with the vessels containing them, was, in my opinion, exceed twenty dollars. And he hereby requires to appear at my office, Randolph, at ten o'clock A.M. on the eighth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, to answer to complaint against said liquor and the vessels containing them, and for trial and to show cause if any one have any claim upon the said vessels containing them, could not be forfeited for being kept for sale by John William H. Clark, in violation of the laws of the Commonwealth.

Witness my hand and seal, at Randolph, this nineteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.  
J. WHITE BLEDHIE, Trial Justice.  
true copy — AFTER  
JOSEPH F. PORTER, Deputy State Constable

**Carriages.**  
A New Light Open Carryall, built by E. W. Hilditch  
the Sundown, both nearly new.  
also one Second Hand Open Express Wagon for sale by  
A. J. RA-DALL,  
East Weymouth.

**DR. A. G. NYE,**  
**Dentist,**  
WASHINGTON STREET, Weymouth.  
CAN be found at his office EVERY DAY in the week, prepared to perform all operations in profession in a satisfactory manner.

**NOTICE.**  
The Land lately purchased for the  
**Village Cemetery**  
has been laid out, and the  
Lots are now ready for Sale.  
There are some VERY GOOD LOTS, which persons in want would like to secure.  
An opportunity is offered for a short time to select without additional charge.  
A. S. WHITE, Secy. Corporation,  
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867.

**Weymouth & Braintree**  
**MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,**  
OF WEYMOUTH,  
INSURES DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILDINGS NOT EXTRA HAZARDOUS,  
and their amounts, at as low rates as any other reliable Company.  
Amount at Risk April 1, 1867,  
**\$1,390,000.**  
Cash Assets, \$112,000  
Deposit Notes, \$46,000 \$50,000  
ELLIOT L. WHITE, President,  
ELIAS RICHARDS, Secy.

**PANIC PRICES!**  
**CLOTHING**  
AND  
**DRY GOODS**  
**Marked Down.**  
**Cottons and Prints**  
**VERY CHEAP,**  
AT  
**Read's Cheap Cash Store**  
Nos. 1, 2, 3  
REMOVAL.  
D.R. P. CLARK, formerly of 15 Marshall St., has taken rooms at 130 CORNHILL ST. BOSTON.  
P.S.—Dr. C. may be found on the last Saturday in each month, at FRANK MAXIMS, in EAST WYLLMOT. Those who may be consulted by those who desire his services in that vicinity. He may be addressed by letter, giving the age, complexion, and the weakest point in the system, enclosing \$1.00 and a red stamp, and he will answer, forwarding a "prescription." 15

**Cottage House for sale,**  
SITUATED on Washington Street, near Hunt's Lot.  
For particulars inquire of  
J. BENNY & Co.,  
corner of Washington and Broad streets.  
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867.

**Canary Birds and Cases.**  
ASKE, DEALER IN CANARY BIRDS, ALLEN'S  
Bird-street

**J. HANLEY & CO.,**  
**Grocery & Provision Dealers,**  
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,  
WEYMOUTH.

**KEEP** constantly on hand a good assortment of  
**Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,**  
**Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,**  
which they offer at the **LOWEST MARKET PRICES,**  
for **CASH.**

In famous old Weymouth, the home of the  
fish, **Where Labor is honored and none are oppressed,**  
**J. HANLEY & CO.,** their acquaintance would meet  
At the corner where Broad crosses Washington  
street.

Where ever attentive, it is their design  
To keep a good stock in the Grocery line,  
And sell all their goods at a profit so small  
That those who buy once will continue to call.  
For favors received they are grateful—and will  
Be pleased to merit your patronage still.

**J. HANLEY,** **G. E. FIELD,**

**NEW STORE**  
**AND**  
**NEW GOODS!**

**HAVING REMODELED AND ENLARGED MY**  
**HARDWARE STORE,**  
I am now prepared to show my customers and  
friends a

**NEW and much more EXTENSIVE**  
**VARIETY,**

**HARDWARE**

than I have kept heretofore.

You can now find here almost **EVERY ARTICLE**  
formerly kept in a *first-class Hardware Store*  
in Boston, comprising—

**New and Complete Assortment of**  
**Builders' Hardware,**  
**FARMING TOOLS,**  
**Mechanics' Tools,**  
**PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,**

**Wells and Wheels,**  
**Rockers,**  
**Barre Machines,**  
**Horse Whips,**  
**Laids,**  
**Stocks & Balances,**  
**Pocket Knives,**  
**Farm Hardware,**  
**Bells,**  
**Pans,**  
**Saws,**  
**Brushes,**

**OVAL FRAMES,**

And a great variety of  
**USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES**  
not usually found in country stores.

**KNIFFEN'S**  
**Patent Mowing Machines.**  
WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST.

My Carpenter's Shop in the rear of the Store  
will be used hereafter in connection with the  
Store, for the sale of—

**Doors, Windows, Blinds,**  
**GLASS,**  
**Sash Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps,**  
**and other BUILDING MATERIALS; Cutting**  
**Planks, Two Hives, Galt, Block Walnut,**  
**and other Mouldings, Pictures, Portraits**  
**and Looking Glass.**

**FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, OR OVAL,**

**WANT TO ORDER, OF ANY KIND OF MOULDING,**  
desired.

**Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Sashes**  
**Glazed, Blinds Painted and**  
**Trimmed.**

My goods are all brought for **CASH,** and will be  
**SOLD FOR CASH** at this date, at the

**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**

What little I have left of the **own stock**, or  
brought in, I will sell in cheap, or close to have  
what *will save you in the next Store.* I expect  
fully convince my friends to call in when convenient  
and see the

**FINEST STORE IN THE PLACE.**

In consequence of my determination to adopt  
the **CASH SYSTEM,** I have just

Marked my Goods Down from 5 to 15 per Cent.,  
and shall be happy to receive a share of public  
attention.

**LOCAL AGENT FOR**  
**THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
and shall be happy to receive a share of public  
attention.

**JOHN O. FOYE.**  
Weymouth, May 2, 1867.

**FISH MARKET.**

**W. G. THAYER** is prepared to supply the  
public with the best quality of  
**Fish and Oysters,**  
AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.  
[?] OYSTERS served up in every style; also  
DESSERTS of various kinds for sale.  
Corner of Washington and Broad Sts.

**Carpentering, Building, and**  
**Funeral Undertaking.**

THE undersigned having recently put in a new  
sawing and machinery, is prepared to do  
**Sawing, Joy Sawing, Turning, Chap-  
board Planing,**  
and all other piece work, such as **Doors, Sashes,**  
**and Window Frames, &c., Also,**

**FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.**

All descriptions of **Coffins, Caskets, Burial Cases,**  
**Coffers, &c.,** furnished, and all duties belonging  
to **Funeral Undertaking** are attended to.

**J. E. RICE,**  
10-30 EAST WYOMOUTH.

**S. C. & J. G. PHINNEY,**  
Manufacturers of  
**Men's, Boys', Youths' & Children's**  
**BOOTS COUNTERS,**  
**MOORE'S PATENTS, TAPS, HELLS, INNER**  
**SOLES, &c.,**  
**COGNACER SUMMER AND WINTER STREETS,**  
**Worcester, Mass.**

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**SAMUEL CURTIS,**  
**ANTIQUEER,**  
341 N 3RD ST.

All attempts to  
steal and personal Estate in  
any way  
June 3, 1867

[illegible][illegible]



